MANCHESTER AL MONDO.

Contemplatio Mortis, ET IMMORTALITATIS.

A CONTEMPLATION OF *Death* and *Immortality.*

The Ninth Impression much enlarged, with the Latine Sentences rendred into *English.*

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Contemplatio Mortis, ET IMMORTALITATIS.

A CONTEMPLATION OF *Death* and *Immortality.*

PHiloſophers, *Stateſmen*, and *Diuines*, do all hold, that in this world there are but *tria genera vitæ*; *Vna eſt activa, altera contemplativa, tertia voluptuaria*; three kinds of life; one is active, the other contemplative, the third voluptuous.

Which of theſe is beſt, *Quæritur*, is the queſtion. *Actio contemplationis expers, eſt vita impolita*, Action void of contemplation is an unpoliſh't or rude life: Contemplation, if it take up all a mans time, makes *vitam ſterilem*, a barren life.

Voluptuaria vita, a voluptuous life, though it be not *otioſa*, idle, becauſe it

is an act, *actu*, yet it is but *desidiosa occupatio*, an idle occupation.

Amongst these who so tries all, as I have done, shall find, that Action profits most, but Contemplation pleases best: especially that which indebts a man to action. Other Contemplations have *generationem longam, fruitionem brevem*, a long generation, a short enjoyment; are so much in thinking, as they seldom come to enjoying; always in conceit, never in act.

When Christ was to suffer, *Misit Christus Petrum ac Johannem ad parandum Pascha. Petrus bonam actionem, Johannes devotam significat Contemplationem*; he sent *Peter* and *John* to prepare the Passover: By the first, good Action may be conceived; by the other, devout Contemplation.

Man was not made for Contemplation only; his part is to do, as well as understand; in earthly things to be an Actor, of heavenly things to be a Spectator. Therefore his felicity consists neither in rest or action, but in a fit mixture of both.

Some use Contemplation for a Remedy, it seeming to make their minds ascend

ascend, when their fortunes descend.

The Counsellor saith, A Statesman should be thus repartited: his will to God, his love to his Master, his heart to his Country, his secret to his friend, and his time to business.

It is true, retiredness is more safe than business; *Periclitatur enim anima in negotiis*, for the soul is endangered by many employments: And yet the less you do, the more you suffer. But as he is not happy that is always busie; so a publick man should not always be shut up in thoughts, pleasing his life in the sweetness of thinking. Finely saith St. *Augustine*, *Lectio sine meditatione arida est: Meditatio sine lectione erronea est: Oratio sine meditatione cepida est.* Reading without meditation is dry; meditation without reading erroneous, and prayer also without mediation but cold.

True Contemplation hates idle Speculation. To be always, or never alone is idleness. But

The delights of thoughts, and vertue of Contemplation, lies in the right choice of a good subject to contemplate: For every knowing man is

so inquisitive by nature, and of so busie a fancie, as in this it is happy for him to fall upon that subject which is fittest for him.

Some antient Fathers, and some late Writers have fixed upon the love of God; Some upon the passion of Christ; Some upon the joys of Heaven; some upon contempt of the world; several others upon diverse other subjects: All opening, that some one is to be chosen. For whoso will *vivere sibi*, live to himself, must *vacare Deo*, be at leisure for God. And wise man saith, *Sapientia scribendæ est in tempore otii. Qui minuitur actu, &c.* Wisdom is to be written in a time of delay: Wholoever is lessened by work, He cannot tend it.

Ego in meo solito recessu a negotiis publicis vacans, I being in my accustomed retiredness, dis-engaged from publick affairs, (which was but seldom,) found it fruitful, useful, and delightful, *cogitare de novissimo*, to bestow my thoughts upon my latter end.

Quatuor sunt Novissima, There be four last things, say the Fathers; Heaven and Hell, Death and Judgement.

All

All Subjects large enough.

But considering I had passed so much employment, so many offices, so long practice in several professions (as every publick man is owing his abilities, cares, and years to the service of his Master;) I now thought it time to seize on Death, before it seized on me. *Lord teach me to number my Days that I may apply my Heart to Wisdom.*

After long meditation this I found, that when Meditation had begotten Devotion, then it applyed it self to Contemplation, which required a settlement upon some Divine object.

And what more heavenly than the thought of Immortality? What so necessary as the thought of Death? Herein therefore I complyed with my own desires, and made choice of Death and Immortality for the Subject of my Contemplation.

Meditation, I saw, was but a reiterated thought, proper to production of good or evil; but Divines do well dedicate Contemplation to holy Mysteries only.

We meditate to know God, we contemplate to love God; when God himself had seen the things created in

several pieces, he said, They were good: But when he considered the Universe, as it were in Contemplation, then he said, Lo, they were exceeding good. For Meditation considers her objects piece by piece, but Contemplation sums them all together; and sets, as in a glass, all the several beauties of Meditation's Objects.

Meditation is with a man, as he that smells the Violet, the Rose, the Jessamie, and the Orange flowers dividually: (My Meditations of the Lord are sweet of themselves, saith *David:*) but Contemplation is a water compounded of them all.

This is more elegantly denoted in the *Canticles:* where the Spouse plaits up her hair, trussing it up one in knot, to shew that we should not diffuse our thoughts into variety of considerations, but recollect them into one by Contemplation. Herewith a mans soul being once affected, hardly shall he obtain leave of his thoughts to return again to employments.

Et ne ego multis occupatus, mihimet ipsi manerem incognitus: And lest I, busied about many things, should remain

main unknown to my ſelf; (for the old word is a true one, *Nil proſunt lecta nec intellecta: niſi teipſum legas & intelligas*: Neither things read, or underſtood, profit him at all who does not both read and know himſelf;)

I therefore applyed my ſelf *ad meum noviſſimum*, to my laſt thing, *What man liveth and ſhall not ſee death?* And if after death, the righteous ſhall ſcarcely be ſaved, we may well be fearful, and had need be careful, that we be not taken unprepared.

Ite imparati in paratum, Go ye unprepared into the place prepared for you, will one day be a doleful ſaying.

When I was a young man, (ſaith *Seneca*) my care was to live well, I then practiſed *Artem bene vivendi*, the art of well-living. When age came upon me, I then ſtudied *Artem bene moriendi*, the art of dying well; how to die well.

It is true, *Iter vitæ occupatis non apparet niſi in fine*, The journey of life appears not to buſie men unto the end. Yet when I was *occupatiſſimus*, *hoc me dulci oblectabam ſolatio*, *Aliquando me victurum mihi*, moſt buſie of

all, I delighted my self with this comfort, that a time would come wherein I might live to my self, hoping to have sweet leisure to enjoy my self at last.

And this I am now come to, *Disponenda, non mutando me*; by disposing, not by changing my self.

The covenant of the grave is shewed to no man, saith the Wise man; but the watch-word is given to all men. Let your loins be girt up, your lamps burning, always watching.

Lord, let me be found in this posture, when I shall be to die.

In the course of my life I have had interchanges: the World it self stands upon vicissitudes: *Adversis & prosperis contexuit Deus vitam meam*: God hath interwoven my life with adversity and prosperity. When I first took me to a Gown, I put on this thought; *fortunam ut togam appeto, non longam, sed concinnam*: I desire a fortune like my Gown, not long, but fit; fit for my condition: finding by others that a contented kind of obscurity keeps a man free from envy. Although any kind of superiority be a mark of Envy; yet not to be so high, as to provoke an

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ill eye, nor so low as to be trodden on, was the height of my ambition. But I must confess, I have since had a greater portion of the worlds favour, than I looked for: *Attamen ego nunquam Fortunæ credidi, etiamsi videretur pacem agere*; nevertheless I never gave trust to Fortune, although she seemed to be at peace with me.

To check repining at those above me, I always looked at those below me; nor did any preferments so delight me, or abuse me, as to make me neglect preparing for my dying day.

And now I thank God, I can say, *Domine, paratum est cor meum*; O Lord, my heart is ready.

This I have considered, That *Guttatim per horas & dies fluit vita*; Life flows away by hours and days, as it were by drops. And although the hour be not past till all the glass be run; *Et nemo multum ex Stillicidio potest perdere*; And no man can spill much by such a distillation:

Yet the glass then runs most faintly, when it draws neerest to effluction. Carefull *Martha* was full busie about many things: but was well advised

adviſed by Chriſt; There was only, *unum neceſſarium*, one thing neceſſary.

One thing have I deſired of the Lord, That I may dwell in his houſe for ever.

This was *David's unum*, his one thing, and, God willing, ſhall be mine.

Phyſitians exclaim, *Vita brevis, Ars longa*; That life is ſhort, but Art is long; but Divines teach, *Ars optima eſt, vivendo diſcere artem bene moriendi*, that the beſt Art is to learn by living the Art of well dying.

If this be to be begun when *præoribus mors eſt*, death is at the door, Then the ſin-ſick Soul will ſay, *O wretched man that I am! who ſhall deliver me from the body of this death?* But if thou haſt learned it betimes, it will then rejoyce to ſay,

Mihi vivere Chriſtus eſt, & mori, lucrum; To me to live is Chriſt, and to die is gain.

Welcome Death, more bleſſed than my Birth.

In the whole courſe of my life I have ever thought the right way to die well, was to live well; And the way to live well in the World, was to die betimes to the World.

Mihi

Mihi Mundus Crucifixus, & ego Mundo; The World is crucified to me, and I unto the World; yet I found it, *rem difficilem in mundo vivere, & mundi bona contemnere*, an hard matter to live in the World and despise the Worlds good things. Therefore for assistants I took to me these three Co-adjutors, *Faith, Hope, Charity*; *Charitatem ex Corde puro, Spem ex conscientiæ bona, Fidem non fictam*: Love out of a pure heart, Hope out of a good conscience, and Faith not feigned; and for my souls health often used this preparative.

Examen conscientiæ meæ, The examination of my conscience.

Nam quicunque cordi habet salutem suam, For whosoever desireth his own salvation, let him every day, *manè & vesperi*, morning and evening, examine his heart *quid nocte vel die præcedente*, what either in the night or day going before, Hath he thought, hath he said, hath he done; *Et in quo peccati labem invenerit*, and in whatsoever he shall find the spot of any sin, let him mend it; *cum proposito efficaci, simili non peccare*; with an effectual purpose to sin no more. This

This, if it be done daily, I dare boldly say, *Vix fieri poterit, ut quis moriendo pecceț, aut peccando moriatur*; it shall hardly be, that such an one shall either sin at his death, or die in sin.

Inter, Amidst these thoughts, I had these things in Contemplation.

1. *First, what Death was, and the kinds of Death.*

2. *Secondly, what fears or joyes Death brings.*

3. *Thirdly, when Death is to be prepared for, and how.*

4. *Fourthly, Death approaching, what our last thoughts should be.*

Of these things I thus resolved.

THat Death was but a fall, which came by a fall. Our first framed father *Adam* falling, in him we all fell. It was not the man, but mankind. *Cecidimus omnes*, saith Saint *Bernard*, *super acerbum lapidem in luto, unde inquinati & vulnerati sumus*; We all fell upon a sharp stone covered with dirt; by which we were both wounded and defiled; Therefore we needed water in Baptism to wash us, Blood

in

in the Eucharist to heal us; water of Regeneration in blood of expiation. Natures perfection caught a fall when she was young, as *Mephibosheth* did, whereof she hath halted ever since.

This falling-sickness infected not only the person, but the nature (such is the infection of evil; always worse than the act) making man that was immortal subject to death.

Heu tristis & lachrymosa mutatio! Ah sad and wofull change!

Notwithstaning, as we now stand, the fault is ours, if that fall be not our rise; the advantage we have by *Christ*, being more than the loss we had by *Adam*: Redemption imports emption, and a buying back of that which he had lost. Wherefore, Man that had cause to sorrow that he was man, may now be holily proud of his condition: and, as he is in Christ, not to change the Man for the Angel.

Proud Nature would fain re-aspire to that it was, *Ideò qui stat videat ne cadat*; Therefore, let him that standeth take heed lest he fall: for relapse may turn us again to be as Birds and Beasts, who have no joy but being, no

sorrow

sorrow but dying. Mans better being is by dying, for when man had made himself miserable by sinning, Mercy made us mortal, *Ne in æternum essemus miseri*; lest we should be miserable for ever. Therefore we have reason to account mercy, as it relieves misery, to be the best vertue, though it work upon the worst object.

Misericordia vicina est miseriæ, Mercy dwells nigh to Misery.

There is mercy with thee, O Lord, that thou mayest be feared, saith the Prophet *David*.

What Death is, and the Kinds of Death.

TO die is to be no more unhappy. If we consider Death aright, *It is but a departed breath from dead earth, enlivened at first by breath cast upon it. Mors tinea est*, Death is a moth, saith *Job*, *ex veste oritur Tinea, ex corpore mors*, the moth breeds out of the garment, Death out of the Body.

It is but a point of time interjected between two extremes. A Parenthesis, which (interposed) breaks no sense, when

when the words meet again. When *Seneca* was asked, *Quid est Mors?* What is Death? he answered, *Aut finis est, aut transitus*; 'Tis either the end or the passage; to die or to sin is not power but impotency. The Emperour *Adrian* was told, *Mors est aternus somnus, divitum pavor, pauperem desiderium*; Death is an eternal sleep, the fear of rich men, the desire of poor men. *Plato* said it was *Lex naturæ, tributum mortalium*; Natures Law, Mortalitie's tribute. One terms it to be but the cessation of the souls functions. O, saith Saint *Augustine*, *that I could see Death*, not as it was, but as thou, Lord, hast now made it! As it hath the dominion of sin, it is the greatest Monarch, and the antientest King of the World: *Death hath reigned Adam to Moses*, saith Saint *Paul*, yet at last this King shall be conquered; *The last Enemy to be destroyed is Death. O Death, I will be thy death*, saith Christ.

The Nature of Death.

WHat is the Nature of it, few shall know, though all feel it.

But

But that must needs be nothing that hath no cause efficient, but deficient; *Post mortem nihil est, ipsaque mors nihil*; There is nothing after death, and death it self is nothing too. It hath no essence, it is no substance, but privation; no creatures but *creaturarum sepultura*, the burial of the creatures; therefore curiously to search the efficient of it, were to labour the eye to see darkness: *God made it not*, saith the Book of *Wisdom*, *nor is it mentioned as any of his Works.* God that made all things, saw that all things which he had made were good; *Omne ens bonum, & omne bonum est ens*; every thing that hath being is good, and to every good thing hath a being. Therefore good Saint *Augustine* said finely, *Lord, thou hast not made Death; wherefore I beseech thee suffer not that which thou hast not made, to reign over that which thou hast made.* Yet it is no errour to say, that Man made Death: for Curiosity (the itch of Mans soul) affecting to know that which God never made (which was the evil of Death) thinking it had been good to know evil; by desiring to know it,

made

made it: *Malum non dignoscitur nisi per bonum*, Evil is not known, but by good.

Natural death is the seperation of the Soul from the Body, common unto the good with the bad: for it is a statute law decreed in the great Parliament of Heaven, *That all men shall once die, forasmuch as all men have sinned.* Hence it is that many are sick and weak, and die. All men, even the dearest Children of God (albeit their sins be forgiven) shall taste of the first Death, but it is not a curse, but rather a blessing unto them. It is true, that death in it self (and to the reprobate wicked,) is the curse of God, the very Suburbs of Hell, and, as it is called here, the Stipend of Sin. Neither is it unjust dealing in God, that he should incur the death of his body, who rejected the life of his Soul. But considered in Christ, and joyned with a good life, to Gods elect it is advantage: nothing else but a Bridge whereby we shall pass from a Valley of Tears into a Paradise of Joyes. According to that of *Solomon*, *Eccles.* 7. 3. *The day of Death is better than the day that one is born.*

He

He that knew all other things, knew not this one thing, That he knew enough. But so divine a thing is Knowledge, (which is not given to keep, but to impart) that we see Innocency it self was ambitious of it.

Life did not content (that was thought but the act of knowledge) knowledge was the life the Soul looked at. And that, as yet, begets a studious scrutiny to discover things we can never know. By which we see, that although Nature her self be moderate in her desires, yet conceit is unsatiable, Mans brain will never leave working, till his pulse ceases beating; nevertheless no Man knows so much, but it is through ignorance that he doth ill, *nam nemo sciens malus?* for no man that understands can be evil: and, as one saith well, There is now no fear of knowing too much: But there is much fear of practising too little. Man is the son of desires; but since God God hath revealed more than we can know, enough to make us happy, let us learn sober knowledge, and contented ignorance. Knowledge and Power are the natural mans god; but know-

know thy self, O man! and then be proud if thou canst.

The Authour of Death.

WHo then was the Authour of death? *Sol in cœlo, Sal in terra*; the Sun in Heaven, Salt in the earth; the two great Regents, one in Heaven, the other on Earth; yet neither of these produced it. Who ever was the father of it, Sin was the Mother; for saith Saint *James*, *Sin being finished, travelleth in Childbirth* like a Mother, to *bring forth Death*; Our Grand-mother *Evah*, so named as Mother of the living, yet was brought to bed of Death. *Adam* falling, sin follows him. Man being tempted, Death attempts him, and by Sin Death enters. Every Father is an *Adam* to his Child, conveighing corruption in his generation.

Good Saint *Augustine* puts the Devil this question; *Satan quare invidisti homini stanti, te cadente?* O Satan! Why, being fallen thy self, didst thou envy Man that he should stand? Death had

had no interest in Man till Sin had dispossessed him of the free-hold he had in God. *There was no trust in Gods servants*, saith *Eliphaz*, but even Angels were charged with folly.

Therefore do the Devil right: he did but perswade, not compell: it was in Mans choice to stand or fall. *Adam acceperat, posse quod vellet, non velle quod posset; Nos accepimus & posse quod volumus, & velle quod possumus. Ille posse non mori, nos non posse non mori. Sic Augustinus.* Adam had received a power to do what he would, but not a will to do what he might; we have received both power to do what we will, and to will what we are able. He a power not to die, we a power not but to die. So St. *Augustine*.

Power of standing, Man had from God; but possibility of falling, from himself. Therefore, though we may thank our first Parents for our birth Sin; yet we may thank our selves for improving it. Wherefore the old *Leanie* said well, *A me salva me Domine*; O Lord, save me from my self.

All Man's vertues were given him but

but in truſt, and under a condition; he abuſed the truſt, and brake the condition, ſo incurred the penalty. Such is Mans nature, ever ſubject to extremity, either dull in want, or wanton in fruition. *Ne moriamini*, leſt ye die, was a fair warning, but he cared not for it. With Men, counſels are like faces; that which is fair, pleaſes. But had the Mind governed the Eye, the Apple could not have beguiled, though it was fair to look to. The proud aſpiring thought was hatcht in man. The Devil was the promoter, Sin was the authour, and we being partners in the ſin, ſhared in the puniſhment, *Facinus quos inquinat, æquat*; Sin equals all whom it polluteth.

Sith then Death by Sin ſtole in at the window; (for the Eye, that ſenſe of love, always recoils upon the heart, when it beholds that which is pleaſing) or rather at the ear, which is apt to liſten to all ill counſel.

Let us caſt out Sin by the ears, the ſenſe of Faith, in hearkning to Gods Word, the Word of life, the life of Death.

The

The Name of Death.

FOr the name of Death, St. *John* calls it a ſleep, *Amicus noſter Lazarus dormit*, Our friend *Lazarus* ſleepeth. Of Saint *Stephen* it was ſaid, *When he had thus ſpoken, he ſlept.* The *Patriarchs* and Kings of *Judah*, are ſaid to *ſleep with their Fathers. Man*, ſaith *Job*, *lieth down and riſeth not.* He ſhall not be awaked out of his ſleep, till the Heavens be no more; *Tranſitum ad vitum aliqui appellant mortem*, ſome call the paſſages to life, death, ſaith St. *Bernard: Sed ideò Scriptura dormientes appellat, ut evigelaturos minimè deſperemus:* But therefore does Scripture call them Men aſleep, that they may not deſpair to awake: *He is not dead*, ſaith *David*, *but ſleepeth, whoſe fleſh doth reſt in hope.*

Death is but a dormitory for a day. Saint *Pauls* myſtery is, *We ſhall not all ſleep; but we ſhall all be changed.* The night ſavours of mortality and ſleep: that *Mors brevis*, ſhort death, is but the ſhadaw of death; and where the

the ſhadow is, the body cannot be far off; *Umbra fugit ſequentem, ſequitur fugientem. Acquiritur terra procumbentibus:* The ſhadow flies him that follows it, follows him that flies it. The Earth is obtained by them that fall down upon it.

Well ſaid Saint *Auguſtine*, *In vita vigilant juſti, ideò in morte dicuntur dormire.* The righteous watch in life, therefore they are ſaid to ſleep in death.

When God made a helper unto Man, He ſent a ſleep upon him. *Somnium agrotantium, ut novimus, ſalutis eſt indicium:* The ſleep of the ſick, we know is a ſign of health. It is Chriſts ſaying, *If he ſleep, he ſhall do well.*

But, let it be *Mors à morſu*, death from devouring, which our firſt Parents taſted, or *Mors à mora*, Death from delay, which yet tarries for us all; Let her be ſtyled Lady, Miſtreſs of the World, that will not be courted, nor yet caſt off: Yet is ſhe but *vox tantùm*, a voice only, a thing next to nothing, *ſolo timenda ſono*, to be feared only for the ſound.

Better it is called a transfiguration,

or transmigration from life, by death to life again; *Exitus non transitus: transitus quem ire non intelleximus, transisse sentimus:* A departure, not a passage: or a passage which we feel gone, but not going.

The Grave is but a withdrawing-room, to retire in for a while, a going to bed to take rest, sweeter than sleep. And when it is time to rise. *Cum expergiscar*, When I awake, *Then shall I be satisfied*, saith the Prophet *David.*

Death common to all.

IN the mean time it is common to all. *Mors etiam saxis nominibusque venit*, Death seizeth upon even stones themselves and names. All Men must pay this debt to Nature, though they cannot pay their Creditours; and it is a favour afforded by Nature, *Quod gravissimum fecit, fecit commune; ut crudelitatem fati consolaretur æqualitas*, that what she hath made most grievous, she hath made common; that the equality of Fate might comfort the cruelty of it. At the

the first minute of thy life thou wert condemned to die, ever since thou hast been led towards thy execution, thou art not far from the place, say to thy self, Arise out of thy bed of sloth, and watch over thy self; look on the Pale Horse, and her that sits thereon, whose name is Death. Provide that thou be not suddenly surprised, and die before thou begin'st to live. *Who lives, and shall not see death?* only Vertue stands exempt from death.

The Fathers have eaten Manna, and are dead; Nay, even *Christ* himself, *being found in fashion as a Man, humbled himself, and became obedient to death.* It is as natural to die, as to be born; yet when we say a Man dies naturally, we speak improperly; for a Man dies not as a beast, *per annihilationem Naturæ, sed per statutum*, by an annihilation of Nature, but by a law: not by chance, course of nature, nor influence of Stars, but then and therefore because it is so appointed, *Statum est omnibus semel mori*: It is appointed for all once to die: Disease and Death know no faces; in the Grave all look alike; *Lazarus*'s sores will make

as good dust as *Jezabel's* paint. It is the municipal law of the Earth to die once; of Heaven, to live for ever; of Hell, to die for ever. *Orimur, morimur.* we are born, we die. Like *Jona's* Gourd, we come in a night, and are gone in a night; we come into the World with a sheet about us, no sooner born, but going to be buried. *Seneca* says truly, We are born crying, we live laughing, and die sighing. Death unto the Man of this World is most bitter, but unto the Man of God it is advantage; wherefore the Martyrs and holy Confessors in old time reputed the day of their Death, their Birth-day; *Blessed is the hour of our death, even so saith the Spirit, for they rest from their Labours, and their Works follow them.*

For all this, Man is even with Death, *Nunquam enim magnis ingeniis chara in corpore mora est:* To stay in the body is never desired by any great wits; The good soul *ægrè fert has angustias*, endures these straits with trouble. Therefore what great thing doth Death in hastening days? This shews infirmity, rather than power. Age doth more, *Nil enim*

non longa demolitur vetulas, For there is nothing which length of time does not demolish. Death only shortens time, not life, for life's time shortens by lengthning: *Morimur, quod mortibus, vivimus: morieris, non quia ægrotas, sed quia vivis*; We die because we live by dying: and thou shalt die, not because thou art sick, but because thou livest.

But this all men are to know,

That *Mortis meritum est peccati debitum*, The merit of death is the debt of sin, both imposed on Man for sin.

Life but a dying Death.

SIth then it is a Statute made in Heaven, *Omnibus semel mori*, For all once to die, and that life is so momentany, death so certain, *Splendeamus licèt, Heu quàm cito frangimur, corpora vitrea!* Shine we never so bright, yet alas, glassy bodies, how quickly are we broken! Man, saith the Prophet *Jeremy*, fades like a leaf, and sin like a wind takes him away. Be the time of Man's reprieve never so

long, die he muſt. And ſince life it ſelf is no true living, but a dying-Being, and ſuch a being, as every day-pants for breath, which Nature fans upon it for a while; And ſince death is no death, but a going unto Heaven, and Heavens coming unto us, *abitus non obitus*, a departure, not a death: How can a man but think it a well-ſpent life, always to be meditating upon Death?

But, ſaith *Xenophon*, *Cur vitam contemnendam putas & habes?* Why doeſt thou think life is to be contemned, and yet loveſt life? I will not enquire, nor require, more of Death, but Death. *Erras enim qui interrogas, Quid ſit mors? &, Propter quod mortem petam? Quaris enim aliquid ſupra ſummum?* Thou art deceived that askeſt, What is Death, and why am I to deſire Death? For thou ſeekeſt ſomething beyond the furtheſt.

This I am ſure of, all Man's happineſs here, is his holineſs, and his holineſs ſhall hereafter be his happineſs.

O Father of mercy! which art willing all men ſhould be ſaved; exclude me not, I beſeech thee, from thy Love and Favour; but ever guide me with thy Spi-

rit in thy ways unto thy Kingdom, that I may shun daily more and more pride of life, lust of the flesh, immoderate cares. Lord, I am poor in merit, but thou art rich in mercy; feeble, but thou art my strength; halt, but thou canst direct my steps, make me to tread in thy paths uprightly; blind, but thou art the light of the World: sweet Jesu draw me, that I may come unto thee, and run after thee, that I may taste in this life thy Grace, and be filled in the next with thy Glory, Amen.

Life after Death.

BUt if a Man die, shall he live again? Yes, saith Saint *Paul*, *We that are in this Tabernacle, sigh and are burthened, because we would not be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life.*

——Phœnix sponte crematur,
Ut redeat; propriósq; solet pubescere letho.
Sic tu corpus coactus.
Discere mutata melior procede figura.

——The Phœnix freely burns,
And by her own death to new youth returns;
So do thou learn unforced to resign (shine.
Thy body, whose chang'd shape shall brighter

The brightest dayes die into dark nights, but rise again a mornings. Though the body sleep a while in dust, yet shall it rise again after thy likeness. *As for me*, saith *David*, *I will behold thy face in righteousness; and I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness.* And thus saith holy *Job*, *Though my flesh be all consumed to bones, yet thy Spirit blowing on dead bones can revive them, and couple them again with sinews, and cloath them with flesh.* The soul which *departed for a season*, shall, as Saint *Paul* said of *Onesimus*, come again, and be received for ever. The Grain cast into the Earth, after a frost biting, comes up the fairer. That body which *was sown a natural body, shall rise a spiritual. Sow in tears, reap in joy. Whoso goeth forth weeping, carrying precious seed, shall return with joy, and bring their sheaves with them.*

Thus we see God will be in no Mans debt: Seek God, and prosper.

Here

Here we live but a ſhort day, *Give us this day our daily bread*; but hereafter in the World to come, we ſhall have days, and thoſe good days and great dayes, even ſuch as ſhall have no night.

Yet for all this, *Caro iſta pulveri erit.* This clod of Earth muſt lie a while in duſt, *Sed reſurget tandem*, but it ſhall riſe again at laſt, as a *Queens daughter, all glorious within.* For if in this life holineſs maketh the face of a man to ſhine, by an irradiation from the heart; what ſhall be the beauty of the body glorified? Surely, though it be not deified, yet ſhall it be purified, or perfected and immortalized. *Our vile bodies ſhall be changed, and faſhioned like his glorious body. Such glory have all his Saints.*

If then the change be ſuch, who would not be willing, yea glad to die? *All the days of mine appointed time*, ſaith *Job*, *I will watch till my changing ſhall come.*

Nil minus eſt hominis occupati, quam vivere; quos autem ſollicitas gravat, exclamant illi, mihi vivere non licet. A man of great buſineſs,

does nothing less than live: but those whom happiness afflicts, cry out, They are not afforded time for life. It is a good mind in a man, to be content to die, and willing to live: But to be willing to die, and content to live, is the mind of a strong Christian.

Diligimus mortem pariter, pariterque timemus:
Ipse metus te nostre amat.
At once we love, and yet we fear to die.
Our very fear loves thee, great Destinie.

Death desireable for three respects.

Christus, non ignarus vel quam misera esset hac vita, vel quam optabilis pretiosa mors, vitam fastidiebat, mortem verò exoptabat: Christ Jesus, who was neither ignorant of the miseries of life, nor how desirable and precious death is, did loath life, but greatly desired to die. When the Senator *Cato* was asked a question concerning Death, *Si Deus (inquit ille) mihi largiatur, at repuerascam valde recusem: nec me vixisse pœnitet, quia bene vixi, nec timeo mori quia ex hospitio, non domo, discedam:* Should God

God, ſaid he, grant me ſuch a boon as to become young again, I ſhould ſeriouſly refuſe it; neither yet doth it trouble me to have lived, becauſe I have lived well; nor do I fear to die, being to leave not my Houſe by it, but my Inne.

Could we as innocently wiſh our own death, as the Saints do the day of Judgement, we might ſafely deſire it, (for who can blame the deſire of advantage?) But ill circumſtances vitiate our deſires; collateral reſpects to our own eaſe, as to be rid of troubles, freed of griefs, diſcontentments, and the like, theſe commonly beget ſuch a wiſh in us. *Elias* himſelf was ſo impatient of diſcontents, as he ſate him down under a Juniper tree, deſiring that he might die, ſaying, *It is enough now, O Lord, take away my life; for I am no better than my Fathers.*

It is the ſaying of the *Preacher*, *Death is not to be ſought in the errour of youth, yet for ſome reſpects it may be deſired.*

Portus eſt aliquando petendus, numquam recuſandus: The Haven muſt be ſought for ſometimes, and ſo no time to be deſpiſed.

1. As first, that so we may betimes leave off to sin; since sin lives in us, and leaves us not till death; *Dixit Socrates, Appropinquante morte, multo es divinior:* It was the saying of *Socrates*, When death approacheth thou groweſt more divine; *If the souls under the Altar cry, Usque quò, Domine?* How long, O Lord? If they solicit for the day of Judgment, why not I see my day of Death, since Death's day is but the Eve of Gods day? *Zenon* said, I have no fear but of old age.

Secondly, the soul that soon departs, *facilius ad superos iter facit, quia minus facis ponderisque traxit*, dispatcheth her journey to Heaven with more ease, because she hath contracted less dregs and pressure. And what's the distance 'twixt life and death? So little, as with the Antients, the Emblem of life was *oculus apertus; Mortis, clausus, non extinctus: nec plus interesse putaverunt inter mortem & vitam, quàm ictum oculi*, an open eye; of death, a shut one, but not extinct: nor did they imagine any more difference betwixt death and life, than a poor twinkling of the eye is to sight.

Man

Man is only a wink of life, his life and death joyned as near as joy and grief; where tears (the limbeck of the heart) expreſs both.

3. Thirdly, that ſo we might the ſooner come to live indeed, be *in Patria*, in our country, where now we are but *in via*, in the way to it. Preſent life is not *vita*, *ſed via ad vitam*, not life, but the way to life. For which cauſe ſaith St. *Bernard*, *præcipitat quiſque vitam ſuam; futuri deſiderio laborat, præſentium tædio*: Every man throws his life headlong from him, labouring with a deſire after the future, and weary of the preſent. For when we ceaſe to be Men, we begin to be as Angels.

Yet it is a wonder to ſee how we love the preſent, and leſs eſteem the future!

Men do commonly ſay, There is *Nullum tempus præter Nunc*, no time but the Now, the preſent; let that be true in Time, yet it holds not in Divinity; for Man muſt chiefly mind his ſoul. The preſent is not that which contents the ſoul; *Nimis anguſtat gaudia, qui præſentibus acquieſcit*: He

He too narrowly pincheth his own joys, that reſteth ſatisfied with what is preſent. They are only creatures of inferiour nature, that are pleaſed with the preſent. Man is a future creature, the eye of his ſoul looks beyond this life, *Scrutatur quid ultra mundum. Futura & præterita illum delectant; Hæc expectatione, Illa recordatione:* He pries after ſomething beyond the World: future and paſt things both delight him; the former by their expectation, the other by remembrance.

Who ſo feels not a deſire in his ſoul of ſomething beyond this life, is not ſetled in the point of immortality of the ſoul: for in every ſupernatural Man there is imprinted an undeterminable deſire of more than preſent life can yield: Therefore we do not determine our contentment in things preſent, but expect future things more, and greater here than we are capable of, *Speranti grandia, mediocria ſunt ingrata;* To one that hopes after great things, mean ones are unpleaſant. All things tend to their centre, the ſtones toſſed from the earth borrow wings to their weighty nature to deſcend beneath

neath where they have their look: Rivers are touched with amarous curiosity to re-visit their mother the Sea: the pyramidal *Flames* of fire witness they burn but with desire only of joyning themselves with their first beginning.

Heaven is our Centre, why should not we be ravished to be there to joyn as atomes to their unity, and as rays to the body of their light? To shew us the way from aloft, those torches of the night gallantly shew us their twinkling baits, they shine not to us, but to shew us the way of their Azure vaults, as being the only place of our repose.

The Souls excellency.

BUt what is this Soul, that so delights in futures? Though it be shapeless and immaterial, yet it would make a Man heavenly proud to contemplate of how divine a nature, quality and essence it is: Lift up thy eyes, O miserable Soul! Lift up thy dull and drowsie eyes: behold to what end thou wert created! And behold in what condition thou dost now abide, thou wert

wert created to be the Spouse of Christ, the temple of God, a Vessel of election, the throne of the true *Solomon*, even the rich and royal Seat of Wisdom: *Deificatur anima*, The soul is deified; If she be considered in her essentiality, *Secundum formam est Deus, secundum materiam est anima*, saith Saint *Bernard*; In her form she is a divine power, in her matter a soul: Heramative vertues unite her to God, all vertues else to her. Therefore saith Saint *Ambrose*, *Quam, pulchra es, O anima, peccata destruendo! Pulchrior, mundum contemplando! Pulcherrima, Deo amorosè adhærendo!* How beautiful art thou made, O my soul, by having sin abolisht in thee! how more beautiful by contemplating this fair and glorious fabrick of the World! but most beautiful, by adhereing through love unto God!

She partakes of the good which is in God, which the body doth not, but by participation with the soul.

Faciamus hominem ad similitudinem nostram, Let us make Man after our own likeness.

The body, though it have the honour

nour to be companion with the ſoul, yet it is but her drudge; Chriſtians ſay of the ſoul, That's the Man: the body is but the caſe. Heathens could ſay, The ſoul was *divinæ particula auræ*, a part of divine breath. Some will have it, *a ſpirit mixt of fire and air*; Others, *a ſelf-moving number*; *Seneca* ſaith, *Quid aliud eſt anima, quàm Deus in corpore humano hoſpitans?* What is the ſoul elſe but a Deity ſojourning in Mans body. Never any could give it ſuch a definition, that either another or himſelf could conceive it. And no wonder, for it ſelf cannot conceive the own ſelf-excellency, becauſe it ſuffered a compoſure before it ſelf was. *Triſmegiſtus* ſaith, The ſoul is the Horizon of time, in that it is immortal. It was the life of breath, that gave it the breath of life: Therefore admiration rather than ſearch, becomes a man in ſuch a ſecret: yet ſo good is God to Man, that wherein we cannot reach him, he commonly deſcends to us. *Tully* ſaid, *Mihi quidem nunquam perſuaderi potuit, animos, dum in corporibus eſſent mortalibus, vivere; cum exiſſent ex iis, emori:*

emori: No man could ever perſwade me, that our ſouls, whileſt they are in theſe mortal bodies ſhould live, and when they go forth thence, ſhould die. Saint *Bernard* ſaith better, *Anima non exuit formam nativam, ſed ſuperindnit peregrinam; illa addita eſt, non perdita:* The ſoul doth not put off her native beauty, but puts on a new one; this is added, but that is not loſt. And yet this ſpiritual eſſence of the ſoul was therefore clogged with an earthy body, that it ſhould not grow proud, as thoſe Angels did that fell.

Let me ever worſhip the great God of this little god my ſoul, *Et ne plus ultra*, and then ſearch no further. For this is an inquiſition, fitter for Angelical intelligence, than Man's ſhallow capacity.

Only this I know, that to no creature elſe God hath given a reaſonable ſoul. Of creatures, the loweſt rank have no life, the next no ſenſe, the third no reaſon; none but Man hath Grace, nor is there hope in any creature elſe but man, which hope is given him for the ſuſtentation of his ſoul; *Anima enim non eſt inſtar Camaleontis, ut paſcatur vento*, for the ſoul

ſoul is not like the Camelion, to be fed with wind; it cannot be fed with fancies, nor all the favours of the World. She is *ita generoſa*, ſo generous as nothing but that *ſummum bonum*, chief good, will ſatisfie her. St. *Auſtin* in a comparative betwixt things temporal and eternal, ſaith thus, We love things temporal before we have them, more than when we have them, becauſe the ſoul when ſhe hath them, cannot be ſatisfied with them: but things eternal when they are actually poſſeſſed, are more loved than when but deſired; for neither faith could believe, nor hope expect ſo much as charity ſhall find when eternity comes in poſſeſſion. There is no ſoul in the World, how happy ſoever it thinks it ſelf here, but points its apprehenſions beyond what he poſſeſſes here.

He that contemplates theſe things will bear himſelf too loftily, and think himſelf too good to look ſo low as to theſe ſublunary things, he will deſpiſe *vilia terræ*, baſe things of earth, as *ludibria mundi*, the laughing ſtocks of the World.

Auguſtus eſt animus quem terrena delectant,

delectant, That ſoul is too narrow that is pleaſed with things earthly; Man only admires *magnalia cœli*, the great things of Heaven.

How then can this beauty be pleaſed to inhabit long *contubernio iſto*, in this pitiful lodging? *Bring my ſoul out of priſon*, ſaith *David*, *that I might praiſe thee.*

Non ſum ubi nunc ſum, I am not where I am now, ſaith the ſoul.

As for the body, all it cares, is but ſepulture: for although the carcaſe be inſenſible of any poſture or poſition, yet honeſt ſepulture is a bleſſing. That body which had the honour to be the Temple of ſuch a gueſt as the Holy Ghoſt, deſerves this favour.

But becauſe many times the houſes of the dead, and the urned bones do meet with foul hands, for this alſo Nature hath provided: *Ut diſertè ait Mœcenas, Nec tumulum quæro; ſepelit natura relictas.*

As *Mœcenas* ſpeaks well.

——— I ſeek no Tomb,
Nature will give our bones a burying room.

It is one of the petitions of every good ſoul.

Adve-

Adveniat Regnum tuum, *Thy Kingdom come*, O Lord: yet, saith St. *Auguſtine*, *Hoc nitimur & reluctamur*, *Quis non gemens, quis non recuſans exit? quis cum acceſſerit, non tergiverſatur, timet, plorat?* This is that we both ſtrive for, and yet reſiſt: who do's not go out groaning and grumbling for all this? who is it, that when death comes on, does not ſhrink back, and fear, and weep?

Man's croſs Nature.

IN all things elſe obſerve how contrarily we carry our ſelves, The Labourer from his work haſtens to his bed: The Mariner rows hard to gain the Port: The Traveller is glad when he is within kenning of his Inne; yet we, when death comes to put us in our Port, ſhun it as a Rock: we fear what we ſhould wiſh, and wiſh that we ſhould fear. *Abraham*, the Father of the Faithfull, at Gods command, left his Kindred and went into a ſtrange Land; how willingly ſhould we leave this Countrey, where we are only Strangers

delectant, That soul is too narrow that is pleased with things earthly; Man only admires *magnalia cœli*, the great things of Heaven.

How then can this beauty be pleased to inhabit long *contubernio isto*, in this pitiful lodging? *Bring my soul out of prison*, saith *David*, *that I might praise thee.*

Non sum ubi nunc sum, I am not where I am now, saith the soul.

As for the body, all it cares, is but sepulture: for although the carcase be insensible of any posture or position, yet honest sepulture is a blessing. That body which had the honour to be the Temple of such a guest as the Holy Ghost, deserves this favour.

But because many times the houses of the dead, and the urned bones do meet with foul hands, for this also Nature hath provided: *Ut disertè ait Mœcenas, Nec tumulum curo; sepelit natura relictas.*

As *Mœcenas* speaks well.

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Strangers and Pilgrims, and desire to be dissolved and to be with Christ, which is best of all, and to cast away from us every thing that hindereth us in our journey, that we may go lightly to our heavenly home.

O fortunatiorem Marcellum, eo tempore quo exilium suum Bruto approbavit, quam quo populo Romano, Consulatum, O Marcellus! more fortunate then when thy exile was approved by *Brutus*, than thy Consulship by the people of Rome.

Man's better Choice.

HEar, O Christian! what the *Pagan* saith.

Quid ni non timeat qui mori sperat? Why hath not he cause to fear, that yet hopes to die?

It is harder to make a true Philosopher patient of life, than of death.

Hic spe mortis patienter dolet,
Ex tædio doloris libenter moritur:
Hunc fert, illam expectat.
Sed expecta: mors tardè venit.

This man in hopes of death mourns quietly.
And tir'd with grief as willingly would die.

Ex-

Expecting death, he sinks not under woe;
For wait a little, death comes sure though slow.

The flesh is not a forrain Foe, but an home-bred Enemy, fighting not as a tall Souldier, but as a crafty Traytor, rebelling against the Spirit; it is a *Dalila* in *Sampson's* bosom, *Judas* in *Christs* company.

Therefore said Saint *Paul*, *I am in a strait betwixt two, whether to live in the flesh were profitable for me; and which to choose I wot not.* Yet at last resolved, *Live or die*, *Christ* was to him *advantage*. *Woe is me, how long have I stayed; alas, how late do I come, how slowly do I hasten, O my God; the Sun of my life hath passed his Meridian, and I am now in the afternoon of my age; the night of Nature will come soon upon me, when Death as Gods Sergeant will arrest my Body upon debt due to Nature, my Soul upon trespass committed against God; the one he will bind hand and foot and commit close prisoner to the Grave, the other he will arraign in the high Court of Heaven, where God shall be both Party and Judge to answer all Objections, as well of Ignorance as of Contempt.*

There-

Therefore *to be loosed and to be with Christ*, was best of all.

Till then, God grant

That I may have *vitam in patientia, mortem vero in desiderio*; life as the object of my patience, but death of my desire.

So shall I fulfill my course with joy: Life not dear, not Death grievous.

Life and Death compared.

IN elder times, both wise Men, great Men, and mean Men, had Death in such estimation, and so undervalued Life, as they fondly said, Had Man been worthy to know what Life was, before he received it, he would have been loath to accept it; *Nemo vitam acciperet, si daretur scientibus*, No Man would take life did he know what is given him. Life would have kept us in slavery, but that death freed us. The Heathen gods held death to be Mans *summum bonum*, chief good Therefore *Trophonius*, when he had built and dedicated that goodly Temple at *Delphos*, asked of *Apollo* for his recom-

recompenſe, that thing which was beſt for man; the Oracle bade him go home, and within three dayes he ſhould have it; within which time he dyed. They counted death but the retreat of life, *Optimum naturæ inventum*, the beſt diſcovery of nature: For by it every man might make himſelf happy, no man be longer miſerable than he will; *Placetne vita? vive: non placet? licet eò reverti unde veniſti*; Does life pleaſe thee? live ſtill; Does it not pleaſe? thou mayeſt return thither, whence thou cameſt. They thought no ſtate miſerable, but that which death could not remedy: wherefore, ſay they, a wiſe man lives but ſo long as he ſhould, not ſo long as he can.

If death were not in our power, we ſhould deſire it more than now we fear it. *Phocion* in *Athens* being condemned to dye, the Executioner refuſed to do his office, unleſs he had twelve *Drachmes* paid him in hand; *Phocion*, *ne mora fieret morti*, leſt death ſhould be put to attendance, borrowed it of a friend, and gave it him.

Quemadmodum Athenis, inquit, ne mori gratis licet: Magiſtra rerum

Ratio, &c. Even as at *Athens* (ſaid he) men might not dye cheaply: Reaſon, the Miſtreſſe of all things, taught them, that common ſafety lay in death; and *Invitum qui ſervat, idem facit, occidenti*; And he that ſaves a man againſt his will, does no leſſe than he that kills him. Life is ſubject to many misfortunes; *Sed in eo qui ſcit mori, nil poteſt fortuna*, But fortune cannot harm him that knows how to die. This made them cheriſh theſe deſperate conceits, *Nil referre faciatne finem an recipiat*, That it made no matter whether a man cauſed his own end, or received it; thinking it bravery to uſe miſchief for a remedy. Though life be not, yet death is at a mans command; *Mors nihil aliud eſt quam velle*, Death is no more but to be willing. In which reſpect no man could complain of life, *quia neminem tenet*, becauſe it binds no man. If any man did complain, this was their wiſh:

Mors utinam pavidos vitæ ſub ducere nollet,
Sed virtus hanc ſola daret.

Oh! that death would not life from cowards take,
But that the prize of valour only make.

In

In ſcorn ſome have ſaid, *Egone exſpectem, vel morbi crudelitatem, vel hominis; cum poſſem medio exire tormento, & adverſa diſcutere?* What ſhall I wait, for either the cruelty of a diſeaſe, or of a man; when as I can in the height of my torment go off at my pleaſure, and throw off all adverſity? But their braveſt conceit was worſe, that it was *genus mortis generoſum*, a generous kind of death, for a man to be authour of his own death, If it be permitted to deſire death, why is it ill to give it to themſelves? *Sed furor eſt, ne moriare, mori.*

But this is madneſs certainly,
That thou mayeſt not die, to die.

To maintain by reaſon, as well as courage, this was their aſſertion, Death was natural, therefore welcome any way, *Vivire noluit, qui mori non vult:* He could have no mind to live, that hath none to die: He is ſorry that he was a Man, that is not glad to die. It is inevitable, therefore we muſt be reſolute; *Feras, non culpes, quod vitari non poteſt*; Bear well, not blame what cannot be avoided. Fools flie it, old men attend it, wiſe men wiſh it. Nay,

some prided themselves in this way, that for care, fear, or grief, they would not die; *Non inferam mihi manus propter dolorem*, I will not lay hands upon my self for any grief, nor yet for fear: *Stultum est timore mortis mori*; 'Tis a fooliſh thing to die for fear of death; nor yet through threats of torments. *Sic mori vinci est: Sed si cœperat ſuſpecta eſſe fortuna, ſi multa occurrebant moleſta, tranquillitatem turbantia, &c.* To die ſo, is to be vanquiſh'd: But if ſo be their fortune began to grow doubtful, and many troubles appeared, diſturbing their peace, then it was fortitude to diſpatch themſelves; how, or with what, it mattered not.

Scalpello aperitur ad illam magnam libertatem via, & puncto ſecuritas conſtat, ſaid *Seneca*: A way was ſoon opened to a great liberty with a little Pen-knife, and by one prick thereof full ſafety ſecured, when he bled to death.

Cato will die, becauſe the Common-wealth declined; *Nerva*, becauſe the Laws were not kept; *Silvianus*, becauſe he would not live at the

mercy

mercy of his Enemy: *Lucretia*, to cover a dishonour. Thus may folly do that which Nature cannot defend.

But where are *these Disputers of the World*, saith St. *Paul*? Others thought Death was to be expected till Nature called for it, or Justice took it. For defence of a Man's Country, Laws, or Religion; Men might *ponere animas suas*, lay down their lives; but not for ostentation, or in discontentment.

Bona res est mori sua morte, 'Tis good to die a Man's own natural death.

Yet some will die for wantonness, if they want their Wills.

Life was given to manage to the utmost. Having but the use of our lives, we are bound to husband them to the best advantage.

Every one is here set Centinel; and not to leave the place, till his Captain call him off.

Non est optima quæ placet, sed quæ decet; That is not the best death which pleaseth, but which becomes me.

That death was best, which was well recollected, quietly suffering what it could not possibly prevent.

Fortiter ille facit, qui miser esse potest, That Man do's valiantly, that can be contentedly unhappy.

It is not enough to die with a Roman courage, nor to be as resolute as *Cato*, who told *Cæsar*, he feared his Pardon more than the Pain he threatned: Nor yet that the cause of death be just; but it must be also necessary, unsought, inevitable.

But to let go this discourse; my Contemplation lies another way.

Only this let me say, Divines need not be ashamed to wear the Jewels and the Ear-rings of Egyptians; they are in many things so full of lustre, and so excellent.

Man in this World lives by appointment, and God for his own purposes makes life sweet, and death terrible. Many there are that fear not so much to be dead, as to die. *Assiduò variatur homo per adversa & prospera, & nescit quando moriatur*; A Man is continually changing betwixt good and evil, and knows not when he shall die.

To labour not to die, is labour in vain. To live without fear of death, is to die living. *Secura vita est mare mortuum*,

mortuum, a ſecure life is a dead ſea. *Mordecai* ſaid to *Heſter*, Canſt thou be ſo vainly timorous as to die for fear of death?

This let a wiſe Man do; *Quod neceſſe eſt, ne timeat; Quod incertum eſt, ſemper expectet*; Let him not fear what muſt needs be, and let him expect ever what but may be. But he neither fears nor feels death, that hath his hopes in Heaven.

Zenon was wont to ſay, There was no Happineſs but Life, it introducing eternity; no unhappineſs but living long, it prolonging miſery: for the beſt condition of it was but a variety of vanity; wherefore, as life was welcom; ſo age was to him fearful; the moſt afflicted men draw comfort, from the hopes of death; Therefore

Seek not conſolation againſt death, but let death be thy conſolation. *Comforter* is his Name: In death there is comfort againſt death. *Mortem optare malum, timere pejus*: 'Tis evil to pray for death, but 'tis worſe to fear it. But to make death eaſie, look thorough death at glory; think not ſo much of death, as of the glory that

follows it; at the worſt, *Mors non auſert vitam, ſed in melius transfert*; Death doth not take away life, but removes it for the better: life gives way to death, and makes way for it. If it be ſharp for the time, *Puer es, ſi mavis manere infanus, quàm medicinam ſuſtinere amaram*; Thou art but a Child, if thou hadſt rather continue ſick, than take unpleaſant Phyſick. A Man will eaſily ſwallow a bitter Pill to gain health. The Phyſitian helps us not without pain, and yet we reward him for it. *Job* ſaith of *Death*, *From ſix troubles it delivereth; & in ſeptima*, and in the ſeventh, that is, at point of death, *non tanget te malum*; no evil ſhall touch thee: *Weeping may endure for a night, but Joy cometh in the morning.* Fit your ſelf for it, and you will never fear it; do by by it as you do in other things; when you would go to ſleep, you put off your Cloaths, you draw the Curtains, put out the Candle, and go to Bed: Thus as it were acting ſleep, before you go to ſleep; ſo addreſs your ſelf to death, and then as a Father ſaith,

Erit

Erit ſomnus dilectis initium refrigerii, Scala montis, Janua vitæ, Ingreſſus in Tabernaculum.

Death begins reſt to them whom God doth love:
'Tis Heavens Ladder, Gate to life above:

Bring your ſelf acquainted with death, that when it comes you may entertain it, *non ut hoſtis, ſed ut hoſpes*, not as an Enemy, but as a Gueſt; not as Foe, but as a Friend: not as a Stranger, but as a Gueſt that you had long looked for: and bid death welcome, more bleſſed than your Birth.

Thus did *Solomon* upon his Throne, extoll his Coffin above his Crown. What a grief then is it to ſee great Men in theſe days build houſes of that ſtrength and ſtate, as if they ſhould alwayes live; and yet ſo live, as if they had but mortal ſouls? like the old *Romans*, who thought eternity dwelt in Statues, and in Marble Monuments. *Patres veteres habitabant in cavernis; Cain verò ædificavit civitatem in terra, ſed perdidit Cœlum*: Our Grandfathers lived in Caves, and *Cain* firſt built on Earth, but loſt Heaven; *I*

dwell in Cedars, but Gods Ark remains under Curtains, was *David's* grief.

It is good counsel, *Effice mortem tibi familiarem, ut possis, cùm fors tulerit, illi lætus & alacriter obviam exire*; Get familiar acquaintance with death, that when thy lot shall fall, thou mayest go forth glad and chearful to meet it. Though death be terrible, yet innocency is bold.

As the thought of death daunts an ill liver; so it makes a good man, *Humilior, cautior, & cordatior*: more humble, more wary, and more fruitful. Yet do not as the Duellists and Gallants of the times do, go into the field to seek death, and find honour: Swift *Asahel*, had he gone but slowly, might have overtaken death, but he runs to fetch it; so do Combatants in these days, *Ubi infelix victoria cum victor succumbit vitio: nam aut morieris pro homicidio, aut vives homicidia*: Where 'tis an unhappy Victory, for the Conquerour do's basely submit to sin, and thou shalt either die for Murder, or live a Murderer. Nor do not as the Wits of the time do,

put

put a ſcorn upon death; and, to be accounted good company, dare abuſe God, deſpite death, and talk prophanely; yet no man for offending good fellowſhip, muſt reprove them: To be bitterly witty in invectives pleaſes: and to have brain enough to be a *Timon*, ſeems a jolly thing: but in theſe caſes, ſaith Saint *Auguſtine*, it is a fault not to find fault; *Nam quemadmodum malus ſermo ducet in peccatum, ſic ſilentium relinquit in peccato*; For as wicked diſcourſe leads into ſin, ſo does ſuch ſilence leave a man in it: A man may be mannerly in the form, but muſt be round in the matter: for a friend cannot make a more improvement of his friendſhip, than by a round reproof of his friend upon ſuch an occaſion.

One ſaith well, ſin doth ill in the eye, but worſe in the tongue: I know not, ſaith another, whether the maintenance of the leaſt evil be not worſe than the commiſſion of the greateſt: for this may be of frailty, that argues obſtinacy. Likewiſe, prophane ſpeeches, how ſharp ſoever, are ever hiteſull to a good ear. Wherefore play not

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the wanton with heaven, take no part with wit against godlineſs; ſuch air poyſons goodneſs, brings ſadneſs at the laſt.

Seneca obſerving that ill men in their converſation, and good men in their prayers made over-bold with God, gave this counſel, So deal with men, as if God ſaw thee; to ſpeak to God, as if men heard thee; But ſay the good fellows of the world. *Offendatur Deus, ne contriſtetur amicus*, let God be diſpleaſed rather than thy friend diſtaſted. Let us enjoy our ſelves, to what elſe ſerves the fulneſs of our fortunes? But he counſels better that ſaith, *Temperanda eſt felicitatis mundi meditatione mortis, ut vinum aqua dilutum*; The happineſs of the world is to be tempered with the remembrance of death, as wine is with water; ſuch an allay proſperity requires.

To this end good *Joſeph* built his Sepulchre in his garden; *Saul* is no ſooner anointed King, but was ſent to *Rachel's* Sepulchre; ſome *Philoſophers* had their graves alwayes open before their gates, that going out and coming in, they might alwayes think of death:

death: for in life they found comforts to be rare, crosses frequent, pleasures momentany, pains permanent.

In this World we are all *Benonies*, the sons of sorrow; the way to Heaven is by Weeping-cross. The Kalendar tells us, we come not to Ascension-day, till the Passion Week be past.

Hi motus animorum atque hæc certamina tanta,
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa, quiescunt.

All those proud strifes that break great spirits peace,
Throw but a little dust on them, will quickly cease.

It is observed, that most of other creatures live long, but dying perish all to nothing: Therefore some complain of Nature, that she hath given too long a life to a Raven, and too short a life to a Man. Man that is short lived, yet he dying, lives eternally: Think but of this, and you will think as Saint *Bernard* did, that life were little better than Hell, were it not for the hope of Heaven.

Surely

Surely Christ would not have died, but that we may die in safety: He by death, in death, delivered us from death.

And did Christ die for me, that I might live with him? I will not therefore desire to live long from him. Who would not go out of himself to go to God?

It is a token of little love to God, to be loath to go to God. All Men go willingly to see him whom they love. Our Brother *Joseph* liveth; therefore, though with *Jacob* I cannot say, I will go see him before I die; Yet, Lord, let me die, that I may see him whom my soul loveth; living I cannot, but dying I shall.

The danger is, lest difficulties and delights hinder our resolutions: Difficulties should not, For since *Adams* fall none passes unto Paradise but by burning Seraphims; We cannot go out of *Egypt*, but thorough the Red-sea. Those Children of *Israel* before they came to *Jerusalem*, took in their way the valley of Tears, and crossed the swift River *Jordan*, before they came to the sweet Waters of *Siloam*. Plea-

sures

ſures may hinder: For even that good Saint *Auguſtine* was once of the mind, that he would not leave preſent pleaſures for future hopes; but afterwards ſaid with ſorrow, *Pudeat vivere in deliciis, cum Chriſtus vixit in periculis*: It is a ſhame to live deliciouſly, when as Chriſt lived dangerouſly. *Moſes* when he came to years, refuſed to be called the ſon of *Pharao*'s daughter, chooſing rather to ſuffer affliction with Gods Children, than to enjoy the pleaſure of ſin for a ſeaſon. Proſperous fortunes many times hinder a cheerful dying: But this petulant World muſt be left: The vain pride of Man befools him, and eaſily carries him to ridiculous affectations: But conſcience of ſin muſt not be exchanged for the ſenſe of pleaſure. To labour in conquering Vice is the greateſt pleaſure we ſhould take. The holy Man exclaims, *Oquàm multi ſunt qui mundum damnant, & tamen pauci relinquunt!* Alas, how many are there that rail at the World, and how few that leave it! Every ſenſe about us, upon the leaſt temptation, is a traitour to the ſoul. The body it ſelf, if you ſet

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too high a price upon it, will make a cheap ſoul. *Magna corporis cura, magna mentis incuria:* Our care for the body is great, and our careleſneſs of the ſoul no leſs. A Man may be as happy in Ruſſet as in Tiſſue; and he is an unhappy Man, whoſe out-ſide is his beſt ſide: vile is Nature in her beſt dreſs. It was good counſel of the Preacher, *Care not for glorious Apparel, but apparel your ſelf with glory.* A ſpruce *Roman*, riding on a lean Jade, was asked by the Cenſor his reaſon, he anſwered, *Ego curo meipſum, Statius verò equum*, I look to my ſelf, but my Man to my horſe. So, vain Men look to their bodies, look who liſt to their ſouls. *Dominam ancillari, & ancillam dominari abuſio eſt*, ſaith *Stella*, 'Tis a great abſurdity, that the Miſtreſs ſhould play the Hand-maid, and the Hand-maid command.

Alſo high fortunes lead Men to ſtrange faſhions; but if we would be of the Court of Heaven, we muſt faſhion our ſelves as the Countriman doth, who when he comes to Court, ſoon ſhakes off his Clowniſh tricks, and gets a civil behaviour: *Mundum cum*

cum ſuis frivolis, the World with all its trifles, a good Man muſt contemn.

If you would live well, live in awe of all eyes, and eſpecially take heed where you live; for the very place of pleaſure is dangerous. In Paradiſe *Adam* could not be innocent, but out of Paradiſe he was a good Man. *Adam* was ſet upon in Paradiſe, *Job* on the Dunghill; yet *Job* was *fortior in ſtercore, quam Adam in Paradiſo*, ſtronger on the Dunghill than *Adam* was in Paradiſe; We are no *Davids* now adays, therefore let us not be too ventrous; *David* when he had ſeen the magnificency and ſtate of the Court, yet thought never the worſe of his retired life, but loved his Hook the better: And when afterwards he came from keeping ſheep to be a Shepherd of Men, he changed his ſtate without change of his diſpoſition: but this is not our condition now adaies; we are more for our ſheep than our ſouls. Man is the ſon of deſires, but judge not of things by the face of things; for life and death have deceivable vizors: under the fair face of life lurks grief, under the foul feature of death (which is

is but fancy) you will change your mind, loath that you loved, love that you loathed.

Vita habitu casto, cùm non sit, casta videtur:
Mors præter cultum nil meretricis habet.

Life, though she be not chast, would fain seem so;
And Death hath nothing whorish but the shew.

The Kinds of Death.

THe kinds of death as of life are two, one bodily, the other spiritual:

Bodily life is the conjunction of Body and soul, bodily death is the seperation of body and soul. And as a godly man hath three degrees of life. The first in this life when Christ lives in him; The second, when his body returns to earth, and his soul to God that gave it: The third, at the end of the World, when body and soul re-united shall enjoy Heaven:

So

So likewiſe a wicked Man hath three degrees of death; Dead in ſin, while he lives; Dead in ſoul, when he dies; Dead in body and ſoul, when both ſhall be adjudged to eternal condemnation. *Malis ſit mors ſine more*, evil Men die a death that never dies.

Finis ſine fine, an endleſs end.

Defectus ſine defectu, a decay that ſhall never decay.

Quia mors vivit, finis ſemper incipit, & deficere defectus neſcit.

Becauſe their death lives, and their end always begins, and their decay knows not to decay.

On the other ſide, to the faithfull, death is but the finiſhing of his mortification, and burying of his ſin.

Freedom of Death.

THe freedoms we have by death are many.

1. Firſt, from all worldly injuries. Here good men do but live and ſuffer *Bene agere, & malè pati*; do well, and ſuffer ill; that's their portion; Sufferings, are greater tryals than actions, but

but they prepare to happineſs: It is good for me that I have been afflicted, ſaith *David.*

Non ſentire mala, non eſſet hominis, non ferre, non eſſet viri: He that does not feel evils is no man, he that cannot bear them, is a Woman: But what are momentary afflictions to an eternal weight of glory?

2. Secondly, it ends all. Miſery is a privative good, putting a period to all ill. Man in miſery, ſaith *Job, longs for death, and digs for it more than treaſure*; *Mors finis eſt, non pœna*, Death is but an end, not a pain. Nay, ſaith one, *Nec finis nec pœna, bonis lex eſt, non pœna perire*: It is neither end or pain, but to good men a law rather than a puniſhment. It is another *Moſes* unto man, delivering him out of bondage, and making brick in *Egypt.*

It ends ſin, not life: it reforms, but doth not deſtroy nature.

Vitiorum eſt ſepultura, virtutum reſurrectio; There is a buriall of vices, but a reſurrection of virtues.

3. Thirdly, it frees from all corporall infirmities.

Mors

Mors omnium dolorum ſolutio; Death is the disbanding of all griefs.

Life it ſelf is a diſeaſe, and we dye by corruption of humours, whether they be of body or manners: who ſo thinks to heal all infirmities with an eaſier plaiſter then death, *dilinimenta potius quàm remedia podagræ ſuæ ponit*, applyes rather flatteries to his gout then remedies.

4. Fourthly, it frees us from all bodily labours: Man is the ſubject of the earth by labour, of heaven by ſuffering. The *Spirit* ſaith, *Bleſſed are they that dye in the Lord, they reſt from their labours. Adeò juvat occupatum mori*, ſo pleaſant is it to a buſie man to dye; Here I have labour without reſt, there I ſhall have reſt without labour. In this reſt perfect tranquillity, in this tranquillity contentment, in this contentment joy, in this joy variety, in this variety ſecurity, in this ſecurity eternity; So to reſt, to riſe, to reign, what more to be wiſhed?

5. Fifthly, it eaſes us of all cares and troubles: *Refrigeries eſt animæ*, Refection to the ſoul; Were we but in a throng, we would think that man

man at eaſe who gets out firſt. *Noah*, when he had been toſſed but a year upon the waters, then Mount *Ararat* was to him a gladſome place; ſo likewiſe miſerable man after many wearisome years toſſed up and down the world as in a troubled ſea, will be glad of death, as of Mount *Ararat*, a reſting place for his tired ſoul.

Old *Chaucer*'s Epitaph is a good one: *Mors ærumnarum requies*, Death is the repoſe of cares.

The long-ſick man wrote upon his grave-ſtone; *Hic ero ſanus*, here I ſhall be well.

In war we often relieve the watch: Life is a warfare, yet hath no relief but death.

6. Laſtly, death doth us not the leaſt pleaſure in freeing us from phantaſms and vain pleaſures: *Periclitatur enim caſtitas in deliciis, Pietas in negotiis, Veritas in multiloquio, Charitas in ſeculo*; for in pleaſures our chaſtity is endangered, in buſineſs our piety, our truth in much ſpeech, our charity in things worldly.

And yet ſome pleaſures may ſtand with innocency; (for God loves to ſee his

his Creatures happy) but commonly the pleasures of the body are the poysons of the soul: a man smothered in Roses meets with Death, though in sweetness; *Delicatas enim mentes enervat felicitas*: prosperity cuts the sinews of delicate spirits. In vain mirth there is no true joy, nor yet gladness in laughter; *Nam res est severa verum Gaudium*, for true joy is a serious matter: The only object of true joy is God; *In the multitude of sorrows that I had in my heart, thy comforts have refreshed me, and do delight my soul*, saith *David*.

And as *Jacob* served seven years for *Rachael*, and it seemed to him but a few dayes for the love which he did bear to her; So let me esteem both the time short and the pains sweet in serving to injoy thee, O Lord my God.

Delight in pleasures, and you shall find your greatest pleasures become your bittrest pains.

Miser homo, cujus gaudium crimen habet; What a sad wretch is this poor man whose very joy is not innocent?

But cherish that Syntereſis, the naturall power in the soul, and that will stirre

ſtirre you up to a cheerfulneſs in goodneſs; *Ne quæras Deum in hortis & paſcuis deliciarum: Moſes enim invenit in ſpinis & aſperitate vitæ*; Seek not God in the gardens and green meadows of pleaſures, for *Moſes* found him in the thorns and roughneſs of life.

A man, whoſe ſoul is converſant with *God*, ſhall find more pleaſure in the deſart and in death, than in the Palace of a Prince.

Soveraignty reaches not to the affairs of Nature; even Princes muſt die: *I have ſaid, Ye are gods, but ſhe ſhall dye like men.*

The benefits by Death.

THe benefits that come by Death: Fulneſs of Grace which here we have but in part; *Vivere velint homines ut perfecti ſint, mori volunt & perfecti ſunt*; Men would live to be perfect, but they are ſo onely when they are as willing to dye. Here we have but *Arrham Spiritus*, the Earneſt of the Spirit, there we ſhall have *Pretium*; *Sedete à dexteris*, our reward, Sit ye

on

on my right hand, will be our welcome. Here mens regeneration is never accomplished: by death it is fully perfected.

Secondly, perfection of Glory: Now I know but in part; but then I shall know as I am known: now I see darkly, as in a glass, then shall I see face to face; There shall be new Heavens, new earth, the World shall be made better, not nothing; *Suscipit enim melioracionem, non interitum*, it receives a bettering, not a destruction. *Old things are passed away, behold*, saith St. *Paul*, *all things are become new. There shall be no more an infant of days, nor an old man that hath not filled his dayes*, saith *Isay*. The heavens you behold shal be super-invested with new endowments, made everlasting habitations for the Saints departed. *Erimus participes, non tantùm spectatores gloriæ*, we shall be sharers, not only spectators of glory; enjoy with these eyes *visionem illam beatificam*, that blessed vision; joy unspeakable, *and this joy*, saith St. *John*, *no man shall take from us*.

Thirdly, inseparable fellowship with Christ: *They follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth.* There we shall be married to him, here we be but contracted, *Desponsabo te mihi*, I will marry thee to me, saith the Prophet. Those favours and love-tokens I have here received, do but inflame, not satisfie; and these I am willing to part with, lest they should make me loath to depart to him that gave me them.

There is none can fill the mind of man, but the Blessed Trinity; when God the Father the most ancient of dayes shall fill our memories; God the Son who is wisdom it self, shall fill our understandings; God the Holy Ghost, who is contentation and Love shall sit in our will: then all the powers of our mind will be at rest, when as they shall enjoy him who made them.

Meretricius est amor, plus annulum quam sponsum amare: 'tis the love of whores, more to value the gold ring than the bridegroom.

Lastly, it brings me where I would be, into my own *Countrey*, into *Paradise*, where I shall meet not as in the *Elizium* of the *Poets*, *Catones*, *Scipiones*

&

& Scævola's: But *Abraham*, *Isaac*, and *Jacob*, the *Patriarchs* my fathers, the *Saints* my brothers, the *Angels* my friends, my wife, children and kinsfolks that are gone before me, and do attend me, looking and longing for my arriving there. Where we shall thus congratulate, as Saint *Paul* saith, we are met in mount *Sion* the City of the living God, and the Celestiall *Jerusalem*, in the company of innumerable Angels, where things that eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor heart of man can conceive, are prepared for us and all that fear God.

Therefore I will say, *Lord*, When shall I come and appear before thee? *Like as the Hart panteth for the water-brooks, so pants my soul for thee, O God! I had rather be a door keeper in thy house, than dwell here, though in Chambers of pleasure*: And know this, that glory followes grace; if little grace be here, less will be the glory hereafter.

Touching the Second General Division.

II.

The fears or joyes that Death brings.

The fears of Death.

Timor est dolor, all fear is grievous, *The King of fears* is death; for nothing is absolutely fearfull, but what tends to Death. *The living Dog*, saith *Solomon, is better than the dead Lion.* The baseſt life excels the beſt bare Being. Naturally men fear Death, becauſe it ends being, which Nature would preſerve. *Omnis dolor surgit ab amore*, all grief ariſeth from love. *Rachel mourned for her children, and would not be comforted, because they were not.*

Very not-being is ſufficiently abhorred by Nature; yet Death ends not being.

Chriſtians were wont to be of that courage, that they feared nothing but ſin: Saying to the Law, thou haſt no power

power over me, for God the Father hath ſent his Son to redeem me from thy bondage, thou doſt accuſe, terrify, condemn in vain, for I will creep into the hole which bloody *Longinus* made with his ſpeer in my Saviours ſide, there will I hide my ſelf from all my foes; I will plunge my conſcience in his wounds, death, victorious reſurrection, glorious Aſcenſion. *Timuit mortem Petrus, & negavit Chriſtum*, St. *Peter* feared death, and this made him deny Chriſt. But why ſhould a man fear death that doth but reſtore him to Him that made him. *Timeat mortem qui Deum non timet; ſed ſi ſperare deſideras deſine timere*, let him fear death that does not fear God: but if thou deſireſt to hope, ceaſe to fear. Fears, as all paſſions, do diſquiet the heart; Yet juſt fear breeds but care, and fear mixt with faith, ſolicites unto goodneſs; but diſtruſtful fear, as over confident hope, are both alike hurtful.

Sunt autem qui Deum nec timent, nec ſperant, but there are ſome who neither fear God, nor truſt in him. Theſe Men are deſperate; go on, and ſhut up a careleſs life with a diſ-

conſolate death. Fear of death is commonly the effect of an evil life. Fear vice ſpecially in age, leſt the nearer you come to death, the farther you go from life. The *Convert* ſaid well, *Periiſſem niſi Periiſſem*, I had periſhed, but that I did periſh.

It is true, the name of Death to moſt is fearfull; Yet *Pompa mortis magis terret quam ipſa mors*, the traih of death affrights more than death it ſelf. Groans, convulſions, diſcoloured faces, theſe ſhew death terrible; becauſe God loves at firſt to make way for himſelf by terrour, but at laſt conveys himſelf to us in ſweetneſs. And what trouble can the fear breed, when that which is feared is a favour?

That *Philoſopher* is not to be followed, who to prepare himſelf the better for death, did ſet forth death moſt fearfully: nor yet is that Emperour to be praiſed, who ſo little eſteemed death, as he died in a complement.

The fear of death is worſe than the pains of death; *Timor mortis ipſa morte pejor*, the fear of death is worſe than it ſelf, becauſe fear of death kills

us

us often, where death it self can do it but once. And when that is done, saith *Job*, *the Womb will forget thee; and the Worms feed sweetly on thee.*

There is nothing more miserable or foolish than always to fear.

The *Philosopher* thought, that if Death (as bad as Men count it), were not mingled with bitterness, Men would run to it with desire and indiscretion. *Ergo mortem concupiscentes, & timentes, aequè objurgat Epicurus*, therefore *Epicurus* doth equally reprove those that desire death, and those that fear it.

It is true, Life would not be troubled with too much care, nor Death with too much fear, because fears betray, cares disorder those succours which reason would afford to both; But he is more sorrowfull than is necessary, that is sorrowful before there be necessity. Nor will I ever think my soul in good case so long as I fear to think of dying. When the Prince of Life was under the Arrest of Death, then Death's seeming victory was terrible: But now, *O Death! where is*

thy Sting? O Grave, where is thy Victory?

Fears multiply evils, Faith diminiſhes them; yet moſt Men wiſh, *ut mors potius ſemel, quam ſemper impendeat*, that death would rather fall on them at once, than hang always threatning over them; becauſe nothing is ſo painful as to dwell long under the expectation of ſome great evil. Of themſelves, the pains of Death are only throws of travel, that bring forth joys in ſuffering pains.

Abſolvitur anima, reſolvitur corpus; gaudet quod abſolvitur; quod reſolvitur, non ſentit, the ſoul is diſcharged by it, the body diſſolved: the one rejoyceth for her liberty, the other feels not that ſhe is aſunder.

The Heathen Man could ſay, *Non ego pœnas eſſe quibuſdam poſt mortem; ſed quid ad mortem, quid poſt mortem!* I believe not, for my part, that there is any puniſhment to any after Death: but ſay there were, yet what is it to death? what ſhall be after death? If there be any fears in Death? *Quare juvenes non timent fieri ſenes?* why do young Men not fear to become old Men?

Men? But is the nature of fear, to make dangers greater, helps less than they are.

When *Anaxagoras* had word brought him, that his dear and only Son was dead: *Scio* said he, *me genuisse mortalem*, I know I begot him mortal. The Son's condition satisfied the Father's passion.

There is no such gentle removal of grief, or life's discontents, as the right sense of Death; nor can that Man either live at ease, or yet contentedly, that lives continually in fear of death. *Nil in morte metuamus, si nihil timendum vita nostra commisit*; Never fear what you shall suffer when you are dead, if you have not deserved it while you lived.

In learning to live, study how to die. We take great care to bestow our time well while we live; but he loses all his time, that knows not how to end his time.

Nescire mori miserrimum, nothing more miserable than not to know how to die.

Socrates de morte disputabat usque ad ipsam, *Socrates* disputed concern-

ing death untill he died. When *Otho* and *Cato* had prepared all things for their death, they ſetled themſelves to ſleep; when they awaked and found themſelves upon the ſtroke of execution, all they ſaid was, *Vita ſupplicio data eſt, mors remedio:* Life is given for a puniſhment, death for a remedy. Tyrants have been told to their faces, that their mortal wounds made the ſufferers immortal.

Vivere non poteſt, qui mori non audet, he cannot live that dares not die.

There is no man ſo valiant as the believer.

It was a Proverb amongſt the Heathen; *Soli Chriſtiani mortis contemptores*, only Chriſtians were true deſpiſers of death.

Zeno's word was, *Difficile eſt hominem exuere*, 'tis a hard thing to put off Man; but off he muſt.

It is true, fear of death (as a tribute due to Nature) is a weakneſs; yet fears be not always ill ſymptomes before death, nor in death. At that inſtant Nature will reluct to keep ſtill her being, unto which death is repugnant, life pleaſing.

But

But neither life nor being are alike to all men: To an ill man the beſt had been, not to have been, *Non naſci optimum*, beſt not to have been born; his next beſt was, to live long: It was ill with him that he was born, worſe that he muſt die. Therefore not being ſure of a better life, he would fain make much of this. He is conſcious to himſelf, that this dying life will bring him to a living death, yet thinks *Dum ſpiro, ſpero*, whilſt I breath, I hope; and ſo flutters, *inter mortis metum, & vitæ tormentum; nolit vivere, & neſcit mori*; betwixt fear of death, and tortour of life; unwilling to live, and ignorant to die. A good man is otherwiſe minded, he counts his end the beſt of his being, for that brings him to the fruition of his hope. *Quid hujus vivere eſt*, what is this man's life, but *diis mori*, to die to the gods? His word is, *Cum expiro ſpero*, when I breath out my ſoul, I draw in hope; my body only lived *ſpirando*, by breathing, my ſoul lives *ſperando*, by hoping; when his breath fails him, his hope faints not, *Patienter vivit, delectabiliter moritur*; he lived

lived patiently, he died delightfully. To this man, *mori quamprimum*, to die as soon as he can, is his Rather; therefore he saith to his soul, *Why art thou cast down, O my soul! why art thou so disquieted within me? Wait in God.*

The difference of Souls as well in dying as living.

SOul and Soul are differenced in dying, as well as in being. The Athiest dares not die, for fear of *non esse*, not-being; The ill liver dares not die, for fear of *malè esse*, evil being; The doubtful conscience dares not die *nesciendo*, by not knowing, whether he shall be, not be, or be damned: Only the good Man dares and desires to die; He is assured of his hope, his hope is full of immortality. *What can I fear, when I know in whom I believe*, said the holy Martyr? *I am thy Salvation*, saith that Saviour of Man.

Could death end misery, the greatest happiness of a wicked man would wish, were the act of Death: But his conscience will not let him lye, he knows the

the end of his present miseries, is the beginning of worse; yea, such as death it self cannot terminate: for that would be happiness enough, had he hope there would be an end at the last. *Tophet* is prepared for the bad, and *Paradise* for the good; *As the Tree falleth, so it lieth.* As Death leaves him, so Judgement shall find him.

There was neither death nor life but had some good in it, could he have seen it. In life there was some ease, in death an end; But *in inferno*, in Hell there is neither ease nor end.

Prima mors animam dolentem pellit de corpore; the first death drives the sad soul out of the body.

Secunda mors animam nolentem tenet in corpore; the second death holds the unwilling soul in the body.

There is no *Annus Platonicus*, Platonick year, nor year of Jubile in this place.

Could we therefore fore-think what bitter pains our sweet sins will cost, we would be provident, we durst not but be innocent.

But foolish men give away their souls for nothing: yet those that would not

not fear for love, ſhall tremble for fear, and find, though too late, how much prevention is better than confuſion. In the ſenſe of pain and horrour of conſcience, they will one day cry, *O vos omnes qui tranſitis!* O all you that paſs by! all ye that paſs by, *attendite, & videte ſi eſt dolor ſicut dolor meus*; ſee and behold, if ever any ſorrow like my ſorrow. Then pangs of death, anguiſh of conſcience, frights of hell meeting all together, will render a man perfectly miſerable.

It is ſtrange that we will not be wiſe by other mens harms: for though we love our ſelves better than others, yet we ſee others better than our ſelves. Reaſon therefore bids us, if we would ſee our own caſe, then to view it in another mans perſon, and ſo prevent that which he feels.

Seldom doth he die well, that lives ill; therefore in the courſe of your life practiſe well doing, and at parting you ſhall have the comfort of well-dying.

Body

Body and Soul parting.

Sed quàm amarum erit hoc tempore corporis & animæ seperatio? But oh how bitter at that time will be the parting of soul and body? We see old acquaintants cannot part without tears. *Quid facient intimè familiares, qualès sunt corpus & anima, quæ ab ipso utero ita jucundissimè vixerint?* What shall such intimate familiar friends do, as the soul and body are, which have lived together from the Womb with so much delight? If the Oxe loweth when his fellow is taken from him that drew the Plough with him, *qualem mugitum*, what lowing shall we give when soul and body part? *Sicccine separas, amara Mors? Sicccine separas?* Doest thou part us so, O bitter death? Doest thou part us so?

When I go *in fundum*, into the bottom, there shall I see *nostrum nihil*, our nothingness, saith the Book of *Kings*. The Spirit at this time may be willing, but the flesh will be loath. *Ægrè amittitur, quod valde amatur*, that is lost with trouble, that is too strongly

ſtrongly beloved. *Inflame my ſoul with true zeal (the true ſeal of thy holy Spirit) that it may be carried in a full courſe with the wings of Faith and Devotion, where Chriſt ſitteth at the right hand of the Father.*

Faith will aſſure, God is thy Father: but Nature will tell thee, She is thy Mother, and thou mayeſt not yet leave her. In this conflict, take heed the Mothers ſide prevail not: ſhe will play *Naomi's* part, perſwade thee earneſtly to ſtay, and enjoy the delights of *Moab* yet a while longer; but reſolve thou with *Ruth* to ſee what entertainment is for thee in *Bethlehem*, for there thou ſhalt find a *Boaz*.

In iſta hora, in that hour every man will make *Baalam's* ſuit, (for no man would be miſerable, if it were enough to deſire to be happy.) *Beatus vult homo eſſe, etiam non ſic vivendo ut poſſet eſſe*; Man wiſheth to be bleſſed, though he have no mind to live ſo as that he may be bleſſed. Some there are that would not wiſh to live, but wiſh they had not lived. But ſuch wiſhes will not ſerve, Death will not be ſatisfied with wiſhes, nor with words. Heaven is full of good

works,

works, Hell full of good wishes. He must *prævivere*, live godlily, that will *secure mori*, dye safely. We all desire to shut up our last scene of life with *In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum*; Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit. But it is not the last words a man utters, that do qualifie his soul. Remember how in thy life thou hast entertained Gods Spirit; for as we used him in this life, so he will use ours after death. *Qualem quisque se fecerit in hac vita, talem se inveniet exiens ab hac vita*; Such as any man hath made himself in this life, such shall he find himself when he goes out of this life.

At this hour what would a man give to secure his soul? *Quid dabis pro anima tua, qui pro nihilo das illam?* What wilt thou give then for thy soul to save it, that dost so prodigally throw it away now for nothing? Poor man! never was any so rich as could pay the ransom of his own soul; a displeased mercy asks greater satisfaction.

And this know, that when thou dyest, thou goest to give account of thy Stewardship, that is, *Temporis missi, Mali commissi, Boni omissi*: of thy

thy time loſt, of the evil thou haſt done, and the good thou haſt not done; and thy ſoul already knows, *in conſcientia tua*, in thy conſcience, whither it goes, *quando egreditur è corpore tuo*, when it paſſeth out of thy body; for thy conſcience is a Juſtice *Itinerant* within thee, and though thou canſt carry nothing elſe with thee, yet this thou canſt not leave behind thee, that will tell thee whither thou goeſt, and what thou ſhalt look for; *Tunc quaſi loquentia tua opera dicent, Tu nos egiſti, tua opera ſumus, non te deſeremus, ſed tecum ibimus ad Judicium*: then ſhall thy deeds, even ſpeaking aloud, ſay unto thee, Thou haſt done us, we are thy works, we will not leave thee, but will go with thee to judgement. In that day ſhall come into mens minds (*vi divina*, by the Divine power) in the twinkling of an eye, all their paſt good or evil works.

Memory, the Magazine of the Soul, will then recount all that thou haſt done, ſaid, or thought, all thy life long: for there needs no other art of memory for ſin, but miſery.

Man

Man is a great flatterer of himself, but Conscience is alwayes just, and will never chide thee wrongfully; It alwayes takes part with God against a mans self; It is *Magistratus domestic-us*, a domestick Magistrate, that will tell what you do at home: It is well termed, the pulse of the Soul; therefore if you would know the true state of your body or soul, feel how this beats, that will tell you; yet take heed you make not an Idol of your conscience; neither think, as some do, that it is a crime to make a conscience of your actions. The Book of Wisdom saith, That *wickedness being pressed with conscience, fore-casteth grievous things*; fear is full of project.

Nemo severiorem ipso habet judicem, No man can have a more severe Judge than himself: therefore *non timere judicium*, not to fear judgment is a desperate thing; yet we pray daily; *Domine, adveniat Regnum tuum*, Lord, let thy Kingdom come.

It shews a Christian courage.

Regnum Dei postulare, to seek the Kingdom of God: but a man had need of a good Cause, that wishes the coming of his Judge.

At

At point of death, if a man will take his aim by the best man that ever lived or dyed; that of *David*, *Ezekias*, and of Christ himself (as he was man) is able to amaze any man, whenas our Saviour Christ, not many hours before he suffered, said, *Anima mea turbata est, & quid dicam?* My soul is troubled, and what shall I say? and at the very point of death, said, *Father, if it be thy Will, let this Cup passe from me.* When *David* said, *Save, Lord, for thy mercies sake: for in death there is no remembrance of thee.* And Ezekias *wept sore*, when he was bid, *Put thy house in order, for thou must dye. Si Patres, si Prophetæ, si Apostoli, si Martyres, si Christus, ipse*, If the Patriarchs, if the Prophets, if the Apostles, if the Martyrs, if Christ himself was thus troubled at the hour of death, *Wretched man what I am, what shall I do?* We were all to seek, but that Christ bids us, *Be of good cheer, for I have overcome Death*; *Mors morte redempta est*, Death is redeemed by death: Now there is advantage in death; that which was the wages of sin, is made the reward of righteousnes.

Now

Now that death hath overcome death, and that faith hath secured fear: *Nec me tædet vivere, nec timeo mori*, I am neither weary of life, nor afraid to die; for what can he fear in death, whose death is his hope? *Timor timore pellitur, ut clavus clavo truditur*, Fear is banish't by fear, as one nail is driven out by another, *Right precious in the sight of God is the death of Saints.* So blessed a thing is death, as that no man is or can be fully Blessed until his Death.

See then what makes men willing or loath to dye.

Obsecrote, Lucille, said *Seneca*, *Cur timeat laborem vir, mortem homo?* I pray thee, O *Lucillus*, why should a strong man fear labour, or a mortal man death: It is the present condition of men that makes them willing or loath to dye.

Nor life, nor death are alike to all men: Some can as willingly leave the World, as others can forbear the Court. And count him but unwise, *qui os suum aperit aeri, ut fatiaret vento*, that opens his mouth for air, that he may fill his belly with wind. Some say unto

to themselves, *Since the Fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were*, *Libenter ignorant, ut liberius peccent*, They are willingly ignorant, that they may more freely sin. These will erect to themselves an heaven out of heaven, and be blessed before they be dead. Some please their lives, as if the world should always laugh upon them, *Quamvis pejor est mundus cum blanditur, quam cum indignatur*, though the world is far worse when she flatters, than when she scolds.

Some say, *Let us eat and drink, for to morrow we shall dye*; *Et post mortem nullæ voluptates*, and after death there is no more pleasure. These would do any thing rather than dye. Others thinking to please God by making themselves miserable, live as if they came into the world but to act a sad mans part and dye.

De tanta lætitia, quanta tristitia! Oh how great sorrow breeds from such joy!

These wish a change, hoping it will be a benefit. All weak minds seek ease in change. Therefore well said the son of *Syrach*, *O death how acceptable is*

thy

thy remembrance to him whose strength fails? Who is now in his last Age, and vexed with all things: and to him that despaireth and hath lost patience? Contrariwise, *O death! how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man that lyeth at rest in his possessions, unto the man that hath nothing to vex him, and that prospereth in all things! (Sed O seculum nequam quod solos tuos sic soles beare amicos, ut Dei facias inimicos!)* But O wicked world, which doest only bless thy friends, so as to make them Gods enemies!

Certainly to this man that thus lives at ease in delicacy with affluence of all things, (for to use happiness is as difficult as to forbear it) to him it is a sad and bitter meditation to think that death must take him from all these joyes, wherein his heart took pleasure, though indeed pleasures are but pains in their loss. *O pro quantillo, Regnum perdidi!* Alas, for how small a thing have I lost my Kingdom! said *Lysimachus*, when he gave his Kingdom for a cup of a cold water.

Thus, as men differ in their condition; so do they in the acceptation of death. *Sed,*

Sed, O quàm amara mors mundum amantibus! But O how bitter is death to them that love the world!

Every poor contentment glues us to that we like. And what are those contentments? Vain hopes, impure pleasures, false honours, dangerous greatness, unsatisfying wealth, stormy contentments, all contemptible. For all that; some good men covet, *& Deum & mundum simul complecti*, to grasp and inclose both God and the world together; but that will not be; *Nam Deus non amat cor divisum*; for God loves not a divided heart. A man cannot look up to heaven with one eye, and down to the earth with the other. *Amor Dei non est dividendus terrenis*, our love of God is not to be divided with the things of the world. Christ would not have his Coat divided.

If thy heart be set on heaven, thy soul will have no pleasure in these low things. Look upward, a good Christian is high-minded:

Os homini sublime dedit, cœlumque tueri.

He with a lofty look did man endue,
And gave him power the starry skies to view.

The

The mind contemplating heaven, walks beyond eye-ſight; and at ſo far a diſtance diſcerns God, as if he were at hand. There be certain Subſapients ſo worldly wiſe, as they think all other men Inſipients. To converſe with God is true ſolace. We are never well, but when we are converſing with others, bu our converſation is ſeldom in Heaven, where it ſhould be.

Moſes was with God in the Mountain, and came down gliſtering: his face ſhining. *Peter*, when he was taken up to the Mount; cryed, *Faciamus hîc tria Tabernacula*, Let us build three Tabernacles here: Whoever they be that dwell in Contemplation of heavenly things ſee viſions, and come off rich in thoughts. In this ſtate, ſaid *David*, I have had more joy of heart, than they whoſe wine and oyl increaſed.

Therefore if thy heart be right, thou needeſt not fear: But a heart, and a heart, God cannot abide. *Cor extenſum*, a large heart God loves. It is noted in Nature that the fearfulleſt creatures have the largeſt hearts. Let the fear of God enlarge thy heart, and then you

need not fear your day of death. *Nam dies iſte, quem tanquam extremum aliqui reformidant, tibi æternæ ſalutis erit*; For that day which ſome men are afraid of at their laſt, ſhall be to thee a day of eternal happineſs: Nor yet the face of death, for it will look upon thee, *Facie non horrendâ, ſed blandâ, non terribili, ſed amabili*; not with an horrid face, but a fawning; not with a terrible, but an amiable preſence. Here is the difference, the good mans hope is even in death: The world-lover ends his hope and happineſs when he dies; As *Ahab* ſaid to *Elias*, ſo ſaith he to Death, *Haſt thou found me, O mine enemy?* whereas the other ſaith, as *David* ſaid to *Ahimaaz*, *Let him come and welcome, for he is a good man, and cometh with good tidings.*

Plato diſcourſing unto one, *de contemptu mortis*, concerning the contempt of death, and ſpeaking ſtrangely upon it, was anſwered. *Fortius loqueris, quam vivis: At ille dicebat, non quemadmodum viveret, ſed quemadmodum vivendum eſſet*: Thou ſpeakeſt more bravely than thou liveſt: but he ſaid, not as he did, but as he ought to live.

live. For a weak mans rules may be better than the best mans actions. But howsoever the Contemplation of Death pleaseth, the suffering of death will pinch. A man satisfied, that death is nothing but a bridge to convey over a tempestuous water to a calm shore; yet, did not the word, *Ibis ad Patres*, Thou shalt go to thy Father, sweeten the Contemplation; as did that wood cast by *Moses* into the waters of *Marah*, turning bitterness into sweetness; the thought of death (though it be but a gathering to our fathers) would be an unpleasing study.

But fears being past, which are but shadows, set off joyes the better: therefore now to see the joyes that death brings.

The joyes brought by Death.

P*Er angusta pervenitur ad augusta*, By difficult and narrow means we attain to noble ends. The Soul of joy lyes in the Soul's joy. It was *Sampson's* Riddle, *Out of the bitter came sweet*. The good mans quality is to look tho ough death at glory. When we think upon the separation of body

and ſoul, then it is a ſweet Contemplation to conſider the conjunction of our bodies and ſouls with Chriſt; which being made by the bond of the Spirit in this life, ſhall never afterwards be cancelled. For let death, wild beaſts, or birds, devour and tear the body from the ſoul, yet neither body nor ſoul are thereby ſevered from Chriſt. *Non curo*, ſaith *Ignatius*, *ſi ferarum dentes me moluerint, modo pura fiam farina Chriſto*; I care not, if the teeth of wild beaſts grind me, ſo I may become pure meal for Chriſt.

And yet the body thus conſumed, lives not in the grave, nor belly of the beaſt, nor yet receives life or ſenſe from the ſoul, nor hath aptitude in it ſelf to re-animation, whileſt it is in this Seat.

The dead tree, ſaith *Job*, *by the ſent of water will bud again, but man is ſick and dyeth, and where is he?* ſurely not loſt, but laid a while at reſt.

But when the great Aſſizes, that general *Venite*, Come ye, comes; Then look what the condition of Chriſt was in his death, the like ſhall be of his members. The Body and Soul of Chriſt

Christ were severed as far as Heaven and the Grave were distant; yet neither of them were parted from the Godhead: so likewise our bodies and souls, though rent and pulled in sunder millions of miles distant, neither of them are severed or disjoyned from Christ our Head.

Qui prædixit, revixit, He that foretold, revived; and this hath wrought it. Humane wisdom cannot comprehend this. Weak faith looks for means, and is put to shifts, when she sees them fail: and yet Reason ministers help to Faith, though it be no ground of Faith: *Nam fides non tollit sed potius extollit, rationem*; For Faith does not take away, but rather set up Reason. Reason, the chiefest piece of Man, would, but cannot, reach so high. Grace that hath taken up her seat in the soul, makes Reason see what Nature cannot; And yet Man, do what he can, is still apt to seek a reason why he should believe. But Omnipotency, which works by improbabilities, tells us, there is no strong faith where there is apparent means. Difficulties and improbabilities, are the proper objects

of faith, *Crede, quod non vides; & videbis, quod non credis*: Believe what thou seest not, and thou shalt see what thou believest not.

Philosophers say, that credulity upon weak grounds, is the daughter of folly. But as opinion is owing unto reason, so is faith to Religion. With them, to believe nothing for which they saw not reason was counted wisdom.

But Faith is not faith if Reason comprehend it; Faith and Reason have their limits; where Reason ends, Faith begins: Of old it was the greatest argument for proof of Christianity, the proceeding of it contrary to Reason.

In Nature we see that in Winter season, Trees which seem as dead, revive again in the spring: because the Body, Grains and Arms of the Tree are joyned to the root, where the Sap lies all the Winter: and by means of conjunction it conveys vegetation to all parts of the Tree: Even so mens bodies have their Winter, when they are turned into dust, *Humana vorbor inversa, cujus radix in cœlis, trunci in terra:*

terra: Man is a Tree inverted, whose root is in Heaven, and the boughs on Earth. Man's life lies hid in Christ with God; yet in the day of the Resurrection, by reason of this mystical Conjunction, divine and quickning vertue shall stream from Christ to his Elect, and cause them to resurge from grave to life eternal. For the Head will not be without the Members; where he is, there they shall be also. Therefore incredulous Nature, shrink not at the impossibility of Resurrection, when the God of Nature undertakes it.

It is noted, how in that transfiguration, the body of *Moses*, which was hid in the valley of *Moab*, appeared in the Mount of *Tabor*, which assures that this body of ours, lodge it where you will, is not lost, but laid up to be raised to glory, as it was laid down in dust.

The incineration and dissipation of this dust shall have a recollection in the day of Resurrection.

In the valley of dead bones, did not the Spirit say to *Ezechiel*, *Prophesie upon these bones and say*, *O ye dry*

bones, I will cauſe breath to enter into you, I will lay ſinews upon you, and will bring up fleſh, and you ſhall live? Awake then, and ſing, you that dwell in duſt, ſaith *Eſay*; for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth ſhall caſt out her dead. *I know,* ſaith *Job, that my Redeemer liveth, and I ſhall ſee God face to face.* Our bodies you ſee, are not caſt off by death, but put to new making. Therefore Saint *Bernard* upon the loſs of his friend, expoſtulates thus with death; *Occidiſti, poſſediſti: Sed quid? corpus, non animam; & veniet aliquando Chriſtus cum poteſtate & majeſtate, carnem illam quærere, & illud corpus cadaveroſum configurari corpori claritatis ſuæ?* Lo, thou haſt ſlain him, thou haſt taken poſſeſſion; but of what? not of his ſoul but his body: and Chriſt will come one day in Power and Majeſty, to ſeek after that fleſh, and to conform that rotten body to his glorious body.

It is well for Man, that his body by death becomes putrid, reſolved and crumbled to nothing, elſe how would ſome mens corps be honoured, if not adored, after death?

Sleep

Sleep ſaith now unto her Siſter Death, *Awake thou that ſleepeſt; for now is your ſalvation nearer than when you believed.*

Why then ſhould a Man immoderately ſorrow, ſince ſorrow is good for nothing but for ſin; or grieve for the death of a friend? ſince, as *Seneca* ſaith, *It is but envy, not ſorrow?* Now that the Child is dead, wherefore ſhould I faſt or weep, ſaid *David?* Grief preceding evil, if it be uſed for a remedy, cannot be too much; But that which follows an evil paſt remedy, cannot be too little. The arreſt of death ſhall not always keep him that lies down in peace.

The bodies of Saints, ſaith *Auguſtine*, ſhall be raiſed, *tantâ facilitate, quanta felicitate*, with as much eaſe, as happineſs. *Nam mors tantùm intermittit vitam, non eripit*, for death only pauſeth life, not takes it away: it doth not diſanul, but diſcontinue life. And by our riſing we are remitted to our better right: A life which never dies, a morning that hath no Eve, nor ending.

Now methinks I hear death ſay of

life, as *John Baptist* said of Christ, *He that cometh after me is before me.*

O sweet Word! *Life*, the best Monosyllable in the World, Gods own attribute; *Deus vivit*, God liveth. *And my soul* (saith *Job*) *shall live, for my Redeemer liveth.*

And is this life but the Child of death? Then blessed also be the word *Death*; the Mother of life, *I will no more call thee Marah, but Naomi*; for thou art not bitter, but sweet; more pleasant, though swifter in thy gate, than the Roe or Hind. The Stoick could say, *Mors est quæ efficit, ut nasci non sit supplicium*, 'Tis death which causeth that to be born is no punishment. But what saith Saint *John*? *I heard a voyce from Heaven, saying, Write, Blessed are the dead, which die in the Lord, they dye no more; Death hath no more power over them. All tears are wiped from their eyes. Petronella* the daughter of Saint *Peter*, *febre moritur: rogatus Petrus, cur non illi sicut aliis succurret; Hoc illi præstare respondit*: dies of a Fever, Saint *Peter* being asked, why he did not heal her as well a others? answered, No, this

is much better for her: it was better for her to die.

Compare life with death, and you will clearly see, how death which seems to dispossess us of all, puts us in possession of more than that all.

Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum.
Tendimus in Latium, sedes ubi fata quietas Ostendunt.

Through many turns, and diverse sorts of chance,
To safe and quiet dwellings we advance.

It is but Being which we have by birth, a better being is by death, *Esse naturæ est, bene esse gratiæ, optimum esse gloriæ*: our being is from nature, our well-being from grace, our best being from glory. Mans happy being is Eternity. Gods proper Name is *Being*. *Being* is our Christan name.

Fain would Man be happy while he lives: But the world will scarce afford him a vacation unto sorrows. No Man can speak him happy, that hath a day to live. *Nescit enim quid serus vesper vehat,*

vehat, For what late evening brings, he cannot tell. There is divine Philosophy in that saying, *Others bring forth the best wine first, but thou bringest that which is best last.* The end of man is better than man; whose birth is sin, his life folly, his death rottenness.

Though we cannot brag of our Parentage, because *our father was an Amorite, our mother an Hittite*; and it is but a windy happiness that is sought in titles taken upon others credit: yet it was happiness to me, that God wrap'd me up in his Covenant, reserved me for a time of truth, derived me of religious Parents, and made me a subject to virtuous and gracious Kings. Yet, this birth brought me into a world of miseries, allowing no ceasing from sorrows, *Ne natalem quidem excepit*, not my very birth-day was excepted. For crying was the first note of my being, *Calamitatis futuræ Propheta*, a Prophet of my own future calamity.

Here I dwell cottaged in a house of clay, whose foundation is dust: but death brings me to an habitation made without hands, everlasting in the Heavens.

vens. *Ad excelſa ſublatus inter felices currit animus, excipitque illum cœtus ſacer*; My ſoul lifted up to things on high, wandereth among the bleſſed Spirits; and that holy company receives her, where, for Love, I ſhall be a Son; for Birth-right, an Heir; for Dignity, a King. Here I have converſed, and had commerce with men, there I ſhall have communion with Saints, fellowſhip with Angels; enjoy *viſionem illam beatificam*, that bleſſed viſion, the immediate fruition of God and Chriſt.

O happy and ſafe condition of Gods children, whom pain thus eaſeth, Death revives, diſſolution unites, ſin glorifies! for we know, ſaith Saint *Paul*, we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burthened, not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon; that mortality might be ſwallowed up of life.

Old father *Jacob*, when he was told of his Son *Joſephs* power in *Egypt*, was not ſatisfied to hear of his honours, but enquires of his life; Intimating, that life to come is better than all the honours that are in *Egypt*, or fortunes that

that are on earth. Nor yet did *Joseph's* life content him without his being with him: (For a good heart will be content to share with others in their miseries unbidden, but cannot endure to be happy alone;) and therefore said, *I will go see him,* counting it better to behold with the eye, than to walk in desires; for indeed the best things that are, pleasure us not in their being, but in our enjoying them.

The joy of Soul and Body at their meeting.

HAppiness communicated, doubles it self: these two Cousins, Soul and Body, as *Mary* and *Elizabeth* will hasten to meet in the Hill-countrey. And what then shall be the joy, when soul and body separate for a season) although in the *interim* the soul doth not wander and obambulate) shall meet again in joy, and mutually enjoy one the other? The soul saying to the body, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away; for lo, the Winter is past, the time of singing of birds is come.

The

The ſenſe of this delight and contentment did well appear in that meeting betwixt *Jacob* and *Joſeph*, when mutuall loſs and ſeparation for a while did more endear each to other.

Intermiſſion of comfort hath this advantage, that it ſweetens our delight more in the return, than was abated in the forbearance.

And was *Jacob* glad to leave his Countrey, and the Land of Promiſe, to ſee his younger ſon *Joſeph*, though in *Egypt*? What then ſhall be the ſouls joy, to end a pilgrimage in a ſtrange Land, and go to ſee her elder brother Chriſt in heaven? In this reſpect, *Cupio diſſolvi*, I deſire to depart, was Saint *Paul's* wiſh. For this tedious mortality, pleaſe it how man can, will grow intolerable, if death do not diſburden it. Long living ſo loads us with ſin, as ſin it ſelf tires at laſt him that loved it beſt.

It is an Inmate that will rooſt with us as long as life affords it houſe-room, nor will it lodge alone, but ſtill one ſin will bring in another.

But through death, the very body of death, and burthen of ſin are caſt out both together. Sith

Sith then the life I now lead is beſet with death, tends to death, ends in death, I will no longer miſtake termes, calling that death which is life, that life which is death: *Hanc eſſe mortem, quam nos vitam putamus; Illam vitam, quam nos pro morte timemus*, ſaying, that is death which we eſteem life, and that life which we fear as death, but will hold with Saint *Auguſtine*, *Per vitam ad mortem tranſitus eſt: per mortem ad vitam reditus eſt*; By life is a paſſage over to death, and by death a return to life.

Death the Regeneration of the Soul.

I Think the Pagans had ſome ſenſe of this, who did celebrate the day of their death with mirth, and the day of their birth with mourning. And the conceit of thoſe Philoſophers was divine, who held, that although the ſoul of man was then infuſed, when man was made, yet is it new born when man dies. His body being the wombe, death the mid-wife, which delivers that

that to ſorrow, this to glory. *Return thou to thy reſt, O my ſoul! for God hath dealt bountifully with thee.*

I can no otherwiſe joy in my birth, then did the Prophet *Jeremy*, who ſaid, *Let not the day wherein my mother bare me, be bleſſed.*

Death unto the man of this world is moſt bitter, but unto the man of God it is advantage; wherefore the Martyrs and holy Confeſſors in old time reputed the day of their death their birth day. The Chriſtians celebrated ever more the Funerals of the Martyrs, inſinuating that the day of our death, is better than the day of our birth, and that then only we begin truely to live when once we dye. *Bleſſed is the hour of our death, even ſo ſaith the Spirit, Bleſſed are they that dye in the Lord, for they reſt from their Labour, and their works follow them.*

If we obſerve mans ingreſs into the world, his progreſs in it, his egreſs out of it, we muſt needs wonder, and ſay with *David*, *Lord, what is man!* And yet he was a King that ſaid it.

Quis

Quis pavet? Quis flet? Quis eget? Quis errat? Solus (heu sortes!) Homo Sperat, optat, alget, volvit, explorat, queritur. Malorum omnia plena.

Tell who are they that fear, and want, and groan,
And alwayes erre? Ah sad fate! Men alone:
Poor man hopes, wisheth, starves turns to and fro,
Seeks and yet wants. So full is all of wo!

But to assure there are joyes in death, what saith the Scripture to well-dying men?

Rejoyce, and lift up your heads, for now your Redemption draweth near. This body shall rise a glorious body, be a spiritual body, not in substance, but in quality; like that body of the Son of God.

Unto you that fear God, saith the Prophet *Malachy*, *the Sun of Righteousness shall arise with healing in his wings.*

The

The third General Division.

III.

When death is to be prepared for, and how.

The time when.

PLato, that *deus Philosophiæ*, god of Philosophy, saith, There is *nulla salutaris Philosophia*, no safe Philosophy, but *perpetua mortis meditatio*, a perpetual meditation of death. And *sine istâ meditatione tranquillo esse animo nemo potest*, without that meditation no man can enjoy a quiet mind. Dreadful death laughs at the vain conceits and precepts of humane tranquillity. It is, saith *Scipio*, the most honourable Philosophy, to study a mans mortality: *Mortis meditatio est vita sapientis*, the life of a wise man is a meditation upon death; Politicks say, *Tota vita discendum est vivere*, All our life we should be learning to live. But saith *Seneca*, *Hoc magis miraberis*,

miraberis, Tota vita discendum est mori, what thou wilt rather admire, All our life long we are to learn to dye. The Divine saith best, *Cogita de fine infinito, & vives in infinitum,* think upon thy endless end, and thou shalt live without end.

Fools would fain do at last, that which wise men do at first, prepare for their end. Careless men think the Signiory of time is at their command, to do what they list, when they list. Indeed youth and age are measured by government, not by time: Time it self is *mensura temporis*, the measure of time: but we must consider, we have little power over the present, less over the future. *David*'s example is worth the following, who cried, *Betimes, Lord, let me know mine end and the measure of my dayes, what it is, and how long I have to live. All the dayes of mine appointed time,* saith *Job, I will wait till my changing shall come.*

Time it self, which covers all that's past, and discovers all that is to come, hath now had all his changes: Natures time is past. The Law which succeeded is abolished. Now is the Gospels

pels time, after which there ſhall be no more changes.

Change (the great Maſter of the World) that hath this Time for his Agent, abuſeth many with the hope of time. It is true, There is nothing our own but Time, which is a ſervant equal to all, holds pace, and flyes as faſt in idleneſs as in buſineſs.

So that though time well ſpent, diminiſhes our time, yet when it is employed in timely preparation, it lays up time as treaſure for a future time: and this is rather a husbanding than conſuming of time. *Diem perdidimus*, we have loſt a day, ſaid *Veſpaſian*. He lives in ſafety, that watches his time: but in reckoning of time, moſt men miſ-caſt it, counting for firſt that which is laſt, and that laſt which is firſt; beginning the account from the day of birth, whereas our deaths-day is our firſt day; for the laſt of life, is the firſt day to life, we then ceaſing to die, when we leave to live.

Solebat diſcere Fabianus; in tria tempora vita dividitur, Quod eſt, Quod fuit, Quod futurum eſt: Ex his, quod agimus, breve eſt: Quod acturi ſumus,

sumus, dubium: Quod egimus, certum. *Fabian* was used to say, That life is divided into three times: that is, that was, that shall be: Of these, that which we have now, is short; that which we shall have, is doubtfull; that which we have past, is certain we are sure of it.

Reckon first with time past, and you may make time to come certain. *Nondum venit hora*, the hour is not yet come, deceives many a Man; but when the Sun comes to the Meridian, the year to the Solstice, then look for a turning of thy dayes: impose an honest and happy necessity upon thy self, and think of dying timely.

The Scepticks put a *fortasse*, a peradventure, upon all things in the World. But, saith Saint *Augustine*, There is no one thing in the World to be named, where this word *fortasse*, peradventure, had no place, except you speak of death; *Hic solum* [*fortasse*] *locum habere non potest*, in this case alone, *Peradventure* can have no place.

It may be said of Death, as is of the Kingdom of Heaven, it comes not by observation. He lives not, that that knows where, when, or how, he shall

ſhall die. Yet none lives, but knows he muſt die.

Mors omnibus finis, multis remedium, quibuſdam votum: de nullis melius merita, quam quibus accidit, antequam vocetur: Death is an end to all, a remedy to many, a wiſh to ſome, and deſerves better of none, than thoſe to whom it comes before it be called. Therefore ſaid one, *Dementia eſt*, it is plain madneſs, it is more than folly, not to be prepared for death. *Sed ſi mortem venientem præmeditamur, tunc ſuperatur*, but if we premeditate of death as it comes on, we ſhall overcome it. The preparation for death, makes a fruition of life, *Nemo propter canos & rugas diu vixit*, no man can be ſaid to have lived a jot the longer, becauſe he hath gray hairs and wrinkles; yet never Man preſerved himſelf from dying, by forgetting death. *Gerſon* brings in an *Engliſh* Man asking a *French* Man, *Quot annus habes?* How many years haſt thou lived? How many years old are you? His anſwer was, *Annos non habeo*, I cannot ſay that I have ſeen any years at all, I am of no years at all; but death hath forborn me theſe fifty years. Look

Look at Death thorow a perſpective, that ſo it may ſeem at hand, though it be far off; *Ante ſenectutem curandum bene vivere, in ſenectute bene mori.* Before old age we muſt take care to live well, and in old age to die well.

The very Heathens through Nature's inſtinct, provided themſelves for death by ſacrifices to their gods.

Frange Toros, Pete vina, Roſas cape, Tingere nardo;
Ipſe jubet mortis te meminiſſe Deus.
Do! Crack the beds, wine, roſes, perfumes breath:
Yet God commands thee to remember death.

A fair way of dying well.

SOlomon ſaying, that *the day of death was better than the day of birth,* inferred that there was a fair way of dying well, whereunto two things were moſt requiſite.

Firſt, a timely preparation before death, was moſt requiſite.

Nam facilè ſuſtinet, qui expectat mortem,

mortem; for he that expects death, will easily bear it.

That Oracle of Morall men, wise *Seneca*, was wont to say, *Sæpe debemus mori, nec volumus; morimur, nec volumus*, it is our duty to dye often, but we will not; and at last we dye whether we will or no. We ought often to prepare for death, and will not; at last, we dye indeed, and would not. *Cæsar Borgias* being sick to death, said, When I lived, I provided for every thing but Death; now I must dye, and am unprovided to dye.

Previous preparation becomes a wise man; *Sed in hoc errore omnes versamur, quod non putamus nisi senes ad mortem vergere; citamur, nec sensu, nec ætate. Mors, quo facilius obrepat sub ipso vitæ nomine latet.* But we are all deceived with this error, that we think none but old men approach to death: neither experience nor age can work upon us; and death, that it may more easily surprize us, shrowds it self under the very name of life. He that sees the Basilisk before he be seen of it, avoids the poyson: See death before it comes, you shall not feel it when it comes.

Procraſtination is the great enemy to preparation. This *vox Corvina*, this Crow's note, that alwayes cries, *Cras, cras*, to morrow, to morrow cozens many a man, making him *perdere hodiernum*, to loſe to day, truſting upon to morrow, ſaith *Tibullus*; *Jam mala finiſſem letho, ſed credula vitam Spes alit, & melius cras fore, ſemper ait.*

I had long ſince by death diſpatch'd all ill,
But credulous hope promis'd life happier ſtill.

But truſt not to that, *Ille ſapit quiſquis, Poſthume, vixit heri.*

——Do not delay,
He, Poſthumus, is wiſe, liv'd yeſterday.

We pray daily; Lord, Give us this day our daily bread; *Dum dicitur hodie*, whileſt it is called to day: we ſhould remember, Life is but a day, *Dies non ſæculum*, 'tis but a day, not an age. Wherefore, ſaith *Solomon*, *Talk not of to morrow, neſcis quid ſuperventura pariet dies*, for thou knoweſt not what to morrow will bring forth.

By deferring we preſume upon that we have not, and neglect that we have.

Quod

Quod in manu fortunæ positum est, disponimus; quod in tua est, dimittis; we dispose of that which lies in fortunes hand, and neglect that which is in our own; which made the Heathen Poet, *divino furore instinctus*, stirr'd with a divine rage, utter *hoc salutare carmen*, this wholsom verse.

Optima quaque dies, miseris mortalibus, ævi; Prima fugit.——

The best and choisest part of our short time,
Like distill'd liquors runs off in our prime.

Therefore, *noli tardare*, delay not to prepare for death, till the approaches of death; *Recordare novissimum, & non peribis in æternum*; Remember thy last end, and thou shalt not perish for ever.

In evils to be prevented, delay is a kind of ease, not so in good things.

Do therefore the work of the day, *in die suo*, in its own day. No man can promise himself a morrow.

Chem:
Fleres, si scires unum tua tempora mensem
Rides, cum non sit fors tibi una dies.

'Twould make thee weep, knew'st thou but one months stay:

And yet thou laugh'eſt when't may be not one day.

Every man hath his day, *Jeruſalem, haddeſt thou known this but in this thy day; thou wouldeſt not, &c. Eſt & dies hominis, & dies Domini,* there is both Mans day, and Gods day. When Mans day is paſt, then Gods day comes, *Nam vita eſt niſi vigilia,* for life is nothing elſe but a Watch. The Eve another day.

A Man, ſaith *Luther,* lives fourty years before he knows himſelf to be a fool; and by that time he ſees his folly, his life is finiſhed. So men die before they begin to live.

The caſe therefore of thoſe men is moſt unhappy, who after fourty or fifty years of dayes, in their miſ-ſpent time (for it was but *tempus,* time, not *vita,* life) and now ready to die, are even then to learn how to die, when they are in the act of dying.

Quæ tam ſtulta mortalitatis oblivio, Inde velle vitam inchoare, quo panci perduxerimus? What a ſilly forgetfulneſs is it of mortality, to think of beginning life at that time, to which few have attained to life?

To

To die well is too buſie a work to be done well, *ex tempore*, of a ſudden.

Deferring as well as preſuming, makes many men implicite Atheiſts.

It was a ſweet ſpeech, and might well have become an elder body, which a young innocent Child of my own uſed in extremity of ſickneſs, Mother, what ſhall I do? I ſhall die before I know what Death is. I beſeech you, tell me what is Death, and how I ſhould die. Death is the known'ſt and unknown'ſt thing in the World. *Certè multum intereſt; peccare aliquis nolit, an neſciat*, without queſtion there is great difference whether a Man be unwilling to ſin, or ignorant. But there is *nil miſerius morienti, quam neſcire mori*, nothing more miſerable for a dying Man, than not to know how to die; nay, ſaith one, *Tolerabilius eſt non eſſe quam neſcire mori*, 'tis more tolerable not to be, than to be ignorant how to die.

Sith then it is a thing as well natural as neceſſary for a Man to die, it is no thanks to a Man to pay that willingly, which he muſt do of neceſſity. But in paying of this debt, Wiſdom counſels two things: First,

First, to consider the time, when.

Secondly, the means, how.

For the time; Seek not Death in the errour of thy life. *Remember thy Creator in the dayes of thy youth, while the evil daies come not, nor the years approach, wherein thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in you. Before the silver Cord be loosed, the golden Ewer broken: Before the Almond-tree flourish; and the Grashopper be a burden; Before the Keepers of the house shall tremble, the strong men bow, the grinders cease; they wax dark that look out out of the windows, and the daughters of Musick be brought low.*

Old *Barzillai* being in this case, refused all the pleasures of a Kings house, though he was kindly intreated by the King himself.

Age or sickness will make a Man unapt, either to compose, or dispose himself to death, *Tunc tibi tarda fluunt ingratáque tempora*, Our time flows heavy then and sowre. It is no fit time then to prepare to die, when it is a burden to live; So in the Law, God required the first-fruits, not the lees, for his portion. From the

Womb

Womb of the morning thou hast the dew of thy youth.

Old age it self is a young death: Age doth sollicite Death, Youth scorns it. Thy best health affords but time good enough for this business. Therefore dedicate not all thy times to business, for that as well as sloth may rob thee of thy time. Some Talents improve most, by laying up.

Three signs of approaching Death.

DO you desire some signs of Death, before you prepare your self for death? *Tres sunt mortis nuntii, casus, infirmitas, senectus. Casus dubius, infirmitas gravis, senectus certa denunciat. Casus nunciat mortem latentem, infirmitas apparentem, senectus praesentem:* There are three harbingers of death, chance, infirmity, old age; chance threatens in doubtful, infirmity troublesom, and old age certain; Chance foretells an hidden death, infirmity an apparent, old age a present; Age and sickness summon men to their dissolution.

When *Ezechiah* had been sick unto

death, he wrote thus, *In the cutting off my dayes, I shall go to the gates of the grave. I reckoned to the morning, I shall walk weakly all my years, in the bitterness of my soul.*

Thus it fareth with every Man, in age or sickness, when a man begins to be sick, his senses are wholly busied about the disease. The Physitian is then conferring with him of the state of his body: The Lawyer is then consulted with, about thy wordly estate: The Minister, touching thy soul's health: Thy friends are then unwelcome; Strangers trouble thee; Visits offend thee: thy own servants cannot please thee: Other mens discourses tire thee; to speak thy self spends thee; and to be silent grieves thee; not to be told how thou doest, vexes thee; to be told how ill thou art, discomforts thee; but it most of all afflicts thee, to see thy wife and children (those pieces of thy self in another kind) weeping and lamenting by thee.

Thus miserably we poor men at this time are distressed, and distracted, made unfit for any thing. At the hour of death, perturbations arising from the

the greatneſs of griefs, and the nearneſs of death, have great force to diſturb the ſenſes, and will diſable the heart from lifting it ſelf up to God: For where dolours are, there will be our cogitations: every man in pain is prone to love his body better than his ſoul; therefore it is a madneſs in a buſineſs of the ſoul, to tarry and await for the worſt diſpoſition of the body. A lover of vertue, at the point of death, will ſecretly ſtudy how to avoid the pains of death, which at other times he deſpiſed. God knows, a due preparation for death requires all the faculties and ſtrength of a ſound, perfect, and whole man.

Think not to ſerve God with thy dotage, when thou haſt ſerved thy pleaſures with thy youth; God for his ſervice will have the young *Iſaac* of thine age. You ſhall not ſee my face, ſaith *Joſeph*, *except you bring your younger brother with you.*

Every man naturally, when he comes near the Goale of Death, even for ſome intrinſecal cauſe, though unknown to himſelf, is then weary of himſelf, and entertains life with a

tedious diſlike. *Tunc injucunda eſt rei pœnitendæ recordatio*, then does the remembrance of that which we muſt repent afterwards, grow unpleaſant, diſtaſting every thing, neglecting every thought of all humane affairs.

Nec, juveni luſus qui placuere, juvant.
Thoſe ſports which youth did pleaſe,
To old age grow diſeaſe.

In the ſtraits of death then he prays, God deliver me! then he thinks, O how I am ſtraitned till it be accompliſhed! *Abyſſus abyſſum invocat*, Depth calleth upon depth; ſad words, breathing ſorrows.

But this ſhould have been done, when ſtrength of underſtanding ſerved; *Nam ſerum eſt tunc vivere incipere, cum deſinendum. O anima peccatrix! O Tepida & negligens, quæ diù in vivis fuiſti, &c.* For it is too late to begin to live then, when we are to give over. O ſinful ſoul! O cold and negligent wretch, who whileſt thou waſt among the living never lookd'ſt to heaven, *quid ages*, what wilt thou do when thou art to depart, *è corpore tantopere amato*, from the body ſo exceſſively beloved?

loved? Then to see thy self besieged, *hinc doloribus, illinc angustiis mortis*, on one hand with diseases, on the other with straits of death; the worm of conscience gnawing, evil spirits tempting to despairs, thine own thoughts casting up thy sins. *Quid facies anima miserabilis? Quo te vertes? Comparere erit intolerabile, latere impossibile?* Oh miserable soul, what wilt thou do? which way wilt thou be able to turn thy self? It will be intolerable for thee to appear, and impossible to lye hid. Therefore be wise, and defer not thy repentance to this time; for at this time these perturbations and confusions will make thee unfit, *cogitare de salute*, to think upon thy salvation. Saint *Augustine* sayes well, *Nemo potest male mori qui bene vixet, nec bene mori qui male vixerit.* No man can dye amisse that hath lived well, nor dye happily that hath lived wickedly. Therefore, *ut tutius possis vivere, & mori securius*, that thou mayest live more safely, and dye more constantly; Repent betimes.

The little Bee, so soon as flowers spring, goes abroad, views the gay Diapery,

Diapery, and the diverſity of the flowery fields, ſucks the ſweeteſt of them, fraights her thighs, makes a curious combe, and ſo betimes hoards up Honey in Summer againſt the Winter.

Mors hyems eſt; orate ne fiat fuga veſtra hyeme: Death is that Winter, Pray that your flight be not in the Winter. Why is the Winter harder to the Graſhopper than to the Ant? Prudency in one, and imprudency in the other differs them. To a wiſe heart, expectation of the event is a great advantage.

Think not thou the Winter of thine age, a time fit enough for this work: *Manna* muſt be gathered in the morning, the orient Pearl is generated of the morning dew.

It is too late, when time is paſt, before you begin. Happy is the man, who improves the dayes of his youth to the prevention of evil: Previſion is the beſt prevention. It is ſaid of Father *Jacob*, who was a great Traveller, that before he dyed, *Pedes ſuos ad ſe collegit; Sic tu animi pedes:* He pluckt up his feet to him; ſo do thou the feet of thy Soul. Thoſe cogitations and

aff Fiors

affections, *quibus vivens totum orbem peragrasti*, on which whileſt thou livedſt thou diddeſt wander over all the World; Gather them up, and then repoſe to reſt. Begin not then to turn to God, when thou canſt not turn thee in thy bed. None can be good too early. Chriſt in all his Examples meant our Inſtructions; he went up to the Temple in his Nonage. The four Ages of men are reſembled to the four vigils of the night; *Prima pueritiam; Secunda adoleſcentiam; Tertia virilem; Quarta ſenectutem adumbrat*: The firſt ſignifies childhood; the ſecond youth; the third manhood; the fourth old age: The firſt and laſt are ſleepy ages, the other are the vigorous times. Therefore *paret ſe homo, præcingat ſe ſecunda & tertia*: let a man prepare himſelf, and make himſelf ready in the ſecond and third watch. Theſe are the watches Chriſt mentions for his coming: *Bleſſed is that ſervant whom his Lord when he cometh ſhall find ſo doing*: But if that ſervant ſay in his heart, My Lord delays his coming; the Lord of that ſervant will come in a day when he looks not for him.

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Repentance when to be practised.

REpentance also in the time of sickness is commonly as sick as the party; yielding then, when it cannot resist, and then preparing and repenting, when all other helps and hopes fail.

Eloquent Death, *in die sua*, in his day will tell thee, the happiness of timely repentance; an hour here may obtain a pardon, which all eternity cannot get hereafter.

Trust not long life, nor late repentance: One saith well, Play not the Courtier with your soul. The Courtier doth all things late, rises late, dines late, sups late, repents late.

Sera pœnitentia raro vera: Late repentance is seldome true.

The dew of thy birth is of the womb of the morning.

The end of time affords little time. *Omnis motus naturalis velocior est in fine*: All natural motion is more swift towards the end. Holy *Job* tells us, *If thy bones be full of the sins of thy youth, they will lye down with thee in the*

the dust. *Sed moriantur ante mortem vitia, & ad judicium non sequantur*: But let thy sins dye before death, and not follow thee to judgement. When death hath folded up thy dayes, all opportunity is past. The cock crowed, but that *Gallicinium*, cock-crowing; so shrill a voice could not awake thee. Therefore *Cygnicinium*, Swans-song, that doleful musick must end the Scene.

Do therefore by thy conscience, as men deal with their Stewards, call it to account *ante mortem, & audies mortem dicentem, Non possis villicar amplius*, before death, and thou shalt hear death saying, Thou shalt be no longer Steward: Ply time while you have it, *Mercatum hanc vitam vita: sed nec nundinæ post vitam, nec quæstui locus*, Imagine thy life to be a market, and that there is neither traffick, nor gain to be made after it.

In a long mis-led life, we amasse many sins; it will ask great labour to quit them. Great labour and little time suit not. Therefore work whilest it is day: *The night cometh when no man can work*. Watch and pray, *Sit oratio*

oratio clavis diei, & ſera noctis, Let prayer be the key of the day, and the lock of the night: *Repent and be converted,* ſaith *S. Peter, that your ſins may be blotted out when the time of refreſhing ſhall come. Few and evil are the days* of the longeſt-lived man; Yet to every man there is a *Triduum,* a ſpace of three dayes lent: but ſleep not *uſque quatridnum,* until the fourth day, leſt it be ſaid, *He hath lien four dayes in the grave: Jam fœtat,* And now ſtinketh.

One obſerveth, that God reſtored life to three men: to one in his bed, to another on the bier, to the third in the grave.

They that conceive ſin in their hearts, are like to him that was dead in his bed. They that bring it forth to action, are like him that was brought forth dead on his bier; But they that defer and continue in ſin, are like him that was four dayes dead and ſtank in his grave. The Primitive Church called them *Clinici Chriſtiani*, Bedrid Chriſtians, that prepared not for death, but upon their deaths bed. *Job* tells us, *if thy bones be full of the Sins of thy youth,*

youth, they will lye down with thee in the dust.

There is no safety in procrastinating; therefore flatter not thy self by the Theif's example, who repented, but in *illa hora*, that hour. That is not put for imitation, but to keep from despiration.

It is a strange thing to see that old men will not see Death, though it be before their faces; nor young men, though it stand at their backs. The old gray-headed man to seem young, had coloured his hair black, but the devil told him he would not be so cozened. *Non omnes fallis; scit te Proserpina canum*,

Thou canst not, fool, deceive all eyes; Death sees thee gray, through thy disguise.

If man marks things well, *Mundus ipse senescit*, the world it self grows old.

The common fashion is to put men in mind of their death, when we doubt they cannot live: Till the Physician find some ill symptoms, the Patient may not be disheartned with the name of death.

Zenas the Lawyer, and *Luke* the Physitian, must have given us over, before

before we will send for *Barnabas* the son of consolation: *Ubi desinit medicus, incipit Dominus*, When the Physitian gives over, God begins, say most men. But at this time draw not the curtain before the sick, but let him see his sins; for he is the good Physitian of my Soul that tells me of death, when he sees me live in sin. But the best physick the Patient liketh worst.

There is not any man so wicked, who with his good will, would dye in his sin; yet most men so live, as if they believed permission were the Article of their Faith all their life long, and the Article of remission of sins were reserved till the point of death. No man that truly repents is refused at any time, but many a one sins so long that he cannot repent.

Terrible will death be, when the dying man with grief for opportunity lost, will repent that ever he lived, and would count it happiness enough to dye, so he might then cease to be. But that will not be, *Quia mors est sine morte; semper vivit, semper occidit, sed nunquam præoccidit*, Because death is without death; alwayes lives, and

and alwayes killeth, but never kills outright. Death hath no death.

That which ends all, is without all end. Remember the fooliſh Virgins. It will be too late to prepare oil, when the Bridegroom is coming: the warning is given, *Be ye ready; for the Son of man comes at an hour; Non dicit annum, aut menſem; cum ne ſecuritas per horam conſtet;* He ſayes not an year, nor a month; becauſe even they that are ſecure, are not certain of an hour. He ſaith, *Ecce venio ſicut fur*, Lo, I come as a theif; that is, when you ſleep beſt, and think leaſt of him: *Dum nec mortem irruentem, nec judicem venientem, nec ſupplicium horrendum videmus*, When you neither ſee death ruſhing on, nor the Judge approaching, nor the horrour of puniſhment. In hell men ſleep not, becauſe here they ſlept where they ſhould have watched.

Settlement in Religion, is the beſt preparative for Death.

NOw as it is wiſdom to be prepared for death; ſo if you will dye with peace of conſcience, and without

without trouble of mind, be well resolved in point of Religion before you dye: play not the hypocrite, nor the politick, who cares not what Religion be, so some be; whose rule is *Religio ad morem, non ad rem pertinet*, Religion is matter of custome rather than of consequence.

It is true, that honest men must have somewhat of the Serpent, not all of the Dove. For policy and Religion do as well together, as they do ill asunder. Religion without policy is too simple to be safe: Policy without Religion is too subtil to be good. Worse than both is prophane Neutrality, or *Laodicean* coldness. Never any man was a loser by believing: for faith is ever recompensed with glory. While thou livest, it is not amiss to make doubts; for it shews wit to move a question well, and it shews judgement to resolve it well. Some questions argue rather faith than doubt. In multitude of opinions there is but one truth, and amongst sundry truths there is but one necessary to salvation. But in points of difference, distinguish; for in reconcileable differences, nothing

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is more safe than indifferency : But in main oppositions be not neuter ; for it is a less eye-sore to God to go upright in a wrong way, than to halt in a right way.

Though you move doubts, yet dwell not in doubt. For you shall find it a fearful thing to dye in doubt ; and the comfortablest thing under heaven, to be well assured, and clearly resolved in the truth of your faith before you die.

Some love to see the object of their faith, and so are led to idolatry; Others to co-operate in the work of their salvation, and so give part to merit : *Nil tibi tribuas*, Ascribe nothing to thy self, is safest. There's danger in ascribing too little to grace, for that robs God of honour. But if we ascribe too little to our selves, there is no danger on that side.

When this is done, then be of good cheer, for thou shalt hear Christ (the life of thy hope here, and hope of thy life hereafter) say unto thy sick soul, as he said unto the sinful woman, *Go in peace, thy faith hath saved thee, Enter thou into thy Masters joy.*

And

And let all conceited humanists remember what their Master *Aristotle* said when he died: *Anxius vixi, dubius morior: O Ens entium, miserere meî!* I lived uncertain, I dye doubtful: O thou being of beings, have mercy upon me!
Sed parum prodest amodo miserere mei, But to say then, Have mercy Lord, will be found but a bootless word.

Now of the way to dye well.

HE that would end his dayes well, must spend them well: *Non est res magna vivere: Hoc omnes faciunt: sed pauci bene moriuntur:* 'Tis no great matter to live; all do as much: but few dye well. *Et illi Mors gravis incubat, qui nonus nimis omnibus, ignotus moritur sibi*; But death falls sad and heavy upon such, Are little known at home, abroad too much. Man is ready to dye before he lives; but therefore he liveth a time in the world, that he may dye betimes to the world. *His years come to an end as a tale that is told*; his dayes deceive him, for they pass as a shadow, by Moonshine, then appearing

ing longeſt, when they draw neareſt to an end.

Things give counſel unto men, better than men do to the things. Here we dwell but in Tents; and Tents, we know, are ſet up to be taken down again ſhortly.

We that live here, live by death; for had not Chriſt died, we had not lived; He dyed for ſin, we live in ſin. Therefore with S. *Paul* I will ſay; *My life is not dear to me, ſo as I may finiſh my courſe with joy.*

Do you deſire to live a long time? The Son of *Sirach* ſaith, *A man that is made perfect, in a ſhort time fulfils a long time. Et vita ipſa, ſi ſcias uti, longa eſt*; And this ſhort life if thou haſt learned to uſe it well, is made long. The *Spaniard* ſaith, *Vir bonus bis vivit*, A good man lives twice.

Ampliat ætatis ſpatium ſibi vir bonus; hoc eſt Vivere bis, vita poſſe priore frui: All virtuous men make life's ſhort inch an ell; This is to live double, to imploy life well. He lives twice that beſtows the forepart of his life well.

Vincere ſcis Hannibal, uti victoria neſcis, O *Hannibal* thou knoweſt how to

to get a Victory, but not how to use it.

Alexander had a good account of his age, reckoning by Victories, not by days; So should good men count their days by the good they do, or the sin they conquer in that day.

Numbring of days, saith St. *Augustine*, is not *numerus dierum quis sit*, how much is the number of thy dayes, but *qui sit*, of what sort, that's the golden number.

Tres sunt dies hominum, saith Saint *Hierome*, *dies conversionis*, *dies conversationis*, *dies resurrectionis*: Man hath three days, the day of his conversion, of his conversation, and of his resurrection. And thus doth one day certifie another.

Time, lent us, flies away in the time that is lent us; every moment coming, being the death of that is past: Therefore weigh well every least moment; for it is of so great moment, as that upon it depends eternity of time to come, that eternity which is not bounded within the Kalendar of time: After a hundred thousand years eternity is still as long as it was.

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THe Art of dying well, is better learnt by practice, than by precept.

Unto dying well, three things are moſt requiſite:

1. Firſt, to be often meditating upon death.
2. Secondly, to be dying daily.
3. Thirdly, to die by little and little.

The firſt ſtep of dying well.

OFten meditation of death brings a Man to die in eaſe; for it alleviates pains, expells fears, eaſes cares, cures ſins, corrects death it ſelf. The very thought of eternity will pleaſant and make eaſie all things we ſuffer in a miſerable life.

Quomodo non morimur, cùm vivitur cum mortuis? How can we be ſaid not to die, when we live among the dead? We live with ſo many deaths about us, as we cannot but often think of dying.

Every humour in us engenders diſeaſes enough to kill us, ſo that our bodies are but living graves; and we die, not becauſe we are ſick, but be-

cauſe we live. And when we recover from ſickneſs we eſcape not ſickneſs, but the diſeaſe: All this life is but a death of an hour.

Do as the Preacher counſels; What thou haſt to do, that do quickly; For in the grave, whither thou goeſt, there is neither work, nor diſcourſe, nor travel, nor wiſdom, nor converſation, nor fruition of any thing; all is entombed in ſadneſs, darkneſs overſhadowing it.

Play then the Wiſe-mans part; Meaſure not life, *ſpatio ſed actu*, by the extent, but imployment. Life is ordained for action, not for fruition. If thou haſt any good to do for the Church, the Common-wealth, or thy friends, *fac citò*, do it quickly: for though he be happieſt that can enjoy a little with the peace of an honeſt heart; yet if thou haſt much goods laid up in ſtore, make thee friends with thy Mammon: *nam bona tua ſunt bona, ſi tu ſis bonus*, for thy goods are then truly good, if thou beeſt good. Though ſecurity reſt in a mean eſtate, yet there is pleaſure in abundance; and for a ſpiritual end, temporal bleſſings may be

be desired. *Abraham* was rich in great measure: but rich in faith above measure. But sing not a *requiem* to thy soul; nor say vainly; *Vivamus dum vivimus: fors fortuna, ut volet, ordinet*, Let us live merrily as long as we live, and let fortune dispose all at a venture as she pleaseth: for so doth a mind uncertain of success relieve it self with possibility: *sed si cor tuum non esset fatuum, non crederes fatuum:* but if thy heart were not foolish, thou would'st not believe a fool. Wisdom is fortune's mistress; wait on her, and remember, *Hac nocte*, this night. The day of vanity being past, the night of judgement comes: when both light and delight go out together.

Excellently doth the Book of Wisdom descry the thoughts of a vain voluptuous Man, one that thinks himself *Deus terræ*, the God of the earth, when he is but *terreus Deus*, an earthly God. This Man reasoning with himself, but not aright, saith, Our life is short and tedious; against death there is no remedy, from the grave there is no returning; we are born at all adventures, and hereafter shall be,

as if we had never been: Our breath is ſmoak, a little ſpark in our hearts, which being extinct, our body turns to aſhes; and our ſpirit vaniſhes like ſoft air. Come on therefore, let us enjoy the good things that are preſent, let us fill our ſelves with coſtly wine and ointments: let no flower of the ſpring paſs by us: Let us crown our ſelves with Roſe buds; leave tokens of our jollity; for this is our portion, and our lot: let our ſtrength be the law of juſtice, for that which is feeble is nothing worth.

The righteous Man is not for our turn, he is always contrary to our doings, he upbraideth us with the law, objects to our infamy the tranſgreſſion of our education. He was made to reprove us: He is therefore grievous to us, his life is not like other mens, his ways are of another faſhion.

Such things theſe vain men have imagined, but they are deceived: when they caſt up the accompt of their own ſins, they ſhall come with fear, and ſay with ſorrow, This was he whom we had ſometimes in deriſion, and made a Proverb of reproch. We fools

fools accounted his life madness, and his end to be without honour.

But how is he now numbred amongst the happy, and his lot amongst the Saints? What hath pride profited us, or what hath riches with our vauntings brought us? All these are passed away like a shadow, and as a Post that runneth by. This verifies that saying, *Breve est quod delectat, sed æternum quod cruciat:* That which is delightful, is but short; but that which shall torment, is eternal.

In vain doth Man strive to have that which he cannot enjoy, or to enjoy much by meer relation. The rich Man hath not so much advantage of the poor by enjoying, as the poor hath of the rich by leaving.

Sadly and suddenly shalt thou find all worldly pleasures turned into walking dreams.

Dormierunt somnum suum, & nihil invenerunt omnes viri divitiarum: They have slept their sleep, and all the men of riches have found nothing, saith the Psalmist, *Psal. 76. 5.*

Notwithstanding Man while he lives, fancies many things, and covets

without end; but all to no end. *Et quæ parâsti, cujus erunt?* and whose shall those things be which thou hast gotten? Either they pass from you, or you from them. *Non est nostrum, quod non est semper nostrum*, That is not ours, which is not alwayes ours: but these things, *Si non habent finem suum, habebunt finem tuum*, if they have not an end of their own, yet they will have thy end. All the towers in the air that thou hast built, *uno ictu prosternentur*, shall be thrown down at one blow. Ere long, two ells of earth shall serve, whom scarce a world could satisfie.

Privacy with Death, a soveraign Cordial against Death.

THerefore be acquainted with Death betimes; for through acquaintance death will lose his horrour; like unto an ill face, though it be as formidable as a monster, yet often viewing will make it familiar, and free it from distast: walk every day with *Joseph* a turn or two in thy garden with death,

death, and thou ſhalt be well acquainted with the face of death, but ſhalt never feel the ſting of death; death is black, but comely. *Philoſtrates* lived ſeven years in his Tomb, that he might be acquainted with it againſt his bones came to lie in it.

Some Philoſophers have been ſo wrapt in this contemplation of death and immortality, that they diſcourſe ſo familiarly and pleaſingly of it, as if a fair death were to be preferred before a pleaſant life.

This is well for natures part; and Moraliſts think this enough for their part to conceive ſo: But Chriſtians muſt go further, and ſearch deeper: They muſt try where the power of death lies, They ſhall find that the power of every Mans death lies in his own ſins.

That death never hurts a Man, but with his own weapons: It always turns upon us ſome ſin it finds in us. *The ſting of death is ſin*: Pluck out the ſting, death cannot hurt us. The way to die well is to die often. Let a Man often and ſeriouſly think of dying, then let him ſin if he can, ſaid *Picus Mirandula*.

randula. And herein is our happineſs; though we live in ſin, yet we die without ſin; Therefore to me death is welcome, not as an end of troubles, but of ſin.

The ſecond Step.

THe ſecond Step to dying well, is to die daily.

Morior ne Moriar, I die that I may not die. I die daily, ſaith Saint *Paul*. *Singulos dies, ſingulas vitas puta; qui enim omnes dies tanquam vitam ordinat, craſtinum nec optat, nec timet*: So many days as thou liveſt, reckon ſo many lives; for he that diſpoſeth all his dayes as one life, can neither wiſh, nor fear to morrow.

The old ſaying is a good one, Do that every day which thou would'ſt do the ſame day that thou dieſt. *Bonum eſt conſumere vitam ante mortem*, 'Tis an excellent thing to make all we can of life before death: But moſt men *de vita exeunt, antequam de morte cogitant*, go out of life before they think of death. Let be done willingly, what we muſt do neceſſarily; and what we can do but once, let that be done well:

Yield

Yield that readily as a gift, which you must pay, as a debt at last. Did men think that death were only an end of life, and no more: every Man for his own ends would be a disturber of the worlds peace while he lived, and make his own peace but just when he died.

He that dies daily, seldom dies dejectedly; *facilè contemnit mortem, qui se quotidiè moriturum putat*, he does easily despise death who remembers himself to be mortal every day: likewise, he that will live when he dies, must die while he lives. For if he die not to sin while he lives, his sin will live in him when he is dead.

The widow that lives in pleasure (saith Saint *Paul*) *is dead while she lives.* Live holily, and you shall die happily: Live as though there were no Gospel, but die as though there were no Law. *Studeto talem esse in vita qualem velis reperiri in morte*; Strive to be such in thy life, as thou wouldest desire to be at death.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

Two ſorts of Death, whereto every man living is ſubject.

A Living man is ſubject to a double death; the one natural, the other ſpiritual. Natural death doth but ſeparate the body from the ſoul: But ſpiritual death ſeparates the ſoul from God. Of all other, it is the moſt deſperate ſtate of life to live naturally, and to be dead ſpiritually: *Thou haſt a name to live, but thou art dead*, ſaid St. *John* of the Church of *Sardis*. But of the Prodigall child, returned from his evil wayes, it is ſaid, *This my ſon was dead, but is now alive.*

In *Sardis* there grew an herb called *Appium Sardis*, that would make a man lye laughing when he was deadly ſick: Such is the operation of ſin. Beware therefore of this *Riſus Sardonicus*, laughter of *Sardis*.

We count it a fearfull thing for a man to be authour of his own death, but a ſinful life ſlays the ſoul, and ſo while we live we kill or loſe our better life. The Commandment that ſayes, *Thou ſhalt not kill*, ſpecially forbids the murthering of our own Souls. Cer-

Certainly that which deprives us of our better life, makes of all other the worst death.

It is therefore holy wisdom for a man to let his sins dye before him. *Moriantur ante te vitia*, Let thy vices dye before thee, they actually, thou virtually: that so when thou art to dye indeed, thou have nothing else to do, but dye.

Mortem horres amaram, subitam, turbulentam: vis placidam, piam, quietam? in tua est potestate, qualem vis efficere, Thou art afraid of a bitter, sudden, troublesom death; wouldest thou have it delightful, and holy, and quiet? it is in thine own power to make it such as thou wouldest have it.

If Riches, Honours, Pleasures, have taken thee, leave them ere they leave thee; and say unto them, as *Job* said to his friends, *Miserable comforters are you all.*

Turba ejicitur, ut puella excitetur, the company is put forth that the maid may be raised, saith Saint *Mark*. Thy Soul lyes as that Damosel in trances of death, while she is in the chambers of pleasure, and is not raised to life; *Antequam*

tequam turba curarum & deliciarum mundanarum ejicitur, untill that troop of worldly cares and pleasures be thrust out.

There is nothing wherein wisdom is more seen, than in the temperate use of pleasures and prosperity; (which are but false notes of truth) nor is there a truer argument of folly then vainness and excess.

Oculi stultorum semper in finibus terra: The eyes of fools are alwayes in the ends of the earth, but trail not after them.

Sufficit diei dolor sui, sufficient for the day is the sorrow thereof: A days sickness will make us sensible of lifes grief: yet if life do delight thee (because *Ironies* do deny strongest in affirming) *utere fruere*, use it, enjoy it. But take my counsell, keep life in exercise of some calling. For you shall find that exercise is no more wholsome for the body then the soul; *Non est res delicata vivere*, 'tis no delicate matter to live; we must labour in some calling. Wherefore to see wel-born men to despise honest callings, as now adays they do, is a pride without. And though

pride

pride and idleneſs have at this day baniſhed thrifty diligence out of great mens houſes, yet we ſee gallant *Abſolom* was a great Sheepmaſter: *Uzziah* the Potent King of *Juda* had not been ſo great a King, had he not been ſo great a husband: Good examples to teach us, That the fortunes of great men, and the bravery of Courtiers, muſt be built upon the grounds of Frugality; Frugality and Humility are thriving virtues: Were a Calling but to keep a man from idleneſs, it were a goodneſs: for the induſtrious man is ſeldome at leiſure to ſinne; whereas the idle man hath neither leiſure nor power to avoid ſin. Induſtry in any calling makes a man capable of better employment, whereas Idlers are fit for nothing but temptations.

Time ſpent in hollow viſits, *id eſt*, Courtings, Fantaſtick dreſſings, Lawleſs diſports, all turn to loſs.

But however thou entertaineſt life, uſe it as a traveller doth his Inne, for a night and away: *Heri appuliſti, Cras decedes*: yeſterday thou arrivedſt at it, to morrow thou art to depart. And in thy journey follow not the common track:

track: *Nam ad Deum facienti iter, per trita si itur, longius abitur.* For he that goes to God, if he go the common rode, goes a great way about. But do as a doubtfull Pilgrim, ask questions of every one you meet, to set you on your way, lest, as Saint *Paul* saith, *a promise being made us of entring into rest, we come short of it.* Herein be as great a questionist, as were those religious Ladies of *Rome*, who never let Saint *Hierome* rest for questions, Which was the readiest way to heaven? The world is full of questions, but the best question in the world, is that of the young man in the Gospel; *Good Master, what shall I do that I may have eternal life?* Some mens questions are instructions, and are meant to teach rather than to learn. Yet in any case be none of those Quæristæ, who must have a reason for every thing in Religion; who think to come to God by cunning, and by reason, not by faith. As if none but good wits could ever come to God. But this is true; Humane reason well improved makes us the more capable of Divine. Therefore it is an ignorant conceit, that skill

should

ſhould make men *Atheiſts*, when we find it in the Goſpel, that no men were ſo apt to ſee the Star of Chriſt, as thoſe wiſe men, the diſciples of Philoſophy.

Be dying daily, and you ſhall ſoon come to God. If a Man would compare the forenoon of his age with the afternoon; and obſerve how long the one is, and how ſhort the other is, every man would be dying daily, and loath to loſe a day.

Palmares poſuiſti dies meos, Thou haſt made my dayes as an Handbreadth: according to *Davids* meaſure, life is a Span; the longeſt liver hath but a handfull of dayes; and life it ſelf like a Circle, always begins where it ends.

Erat, quando non erat; ſed erit. It was when it was not, but it ſhall be.

Time was, when Man was not: but how late a beginning ſoever Man had, yet after death he ſhall be ſure never to ſee end; therefore remember the Chriſtian Motto, *Annos æternos ſemper in mente habe*, Have in thy thoughts always the years of eternity.

With the *Ancient of dayes* there are no dayes; And the time ſhall be when

when time ſhall be no more. *Supra eſt quod ſupereſt*, that which is over and above, is only above.

Two common Errours.

THere are two common errours which deceive moſt men.

Firſt, that a Man enters not into eternal life till he dies; whereas his calling here begins his life eternal.

This day is ſalvation come unto thy houſe, ſaid Chriſt to *Zaccheus*, when he called him from the Tree.

Faith prevents time, and makes things future, preſent.

A pious Man ſo lives here, as if his converſation were in Heaven, carrying himſelf not only honeſtly, civilly and humanely, but beyond natural comportment: his preſent life ſeems ſuperhumane, divine and ſpiritual; and ſo by leading a life heavenly, begins Heaven here. *Bleſſed is he*, ſaith St. *John*, *that hath his part in the firſt Reſurrection, for the ſecond death ſhall have no power over him.*

The ſecond errour is, However a Man lives, yet if at laſt he ſeem to die

die well, then all is well, and his ſoul is ſure to be ſaved: This is a bold and a dangerous conceit; for though Miſery be the object of Mercy, and Hope the miſerable Mans god; yet humane life, as it hath not a greater friend, ſo many times not a greater foe than Hope. *Dilatio boni habet rationem mali*, the delay of good is a certain kind of evil; ſuſpended hope is but a ſad comfort.

Yet many would die, did not hope ſuſtain them: but more have died flattered with vain hope.

Not every one that ſaith, Lord, Lord, ſhall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.

Enter into the firſt degree of life eternal here, or thou muſt die eternally, with *Lord have mercy upon me*, in thy mouth.

Wherefore I deſire to have my part here in the firſt Reſurrection, which is from ſin to grace: that ſo I may enjoy the ſecond Reſurrection, which is from duſt to Glory.

Thou haſt brought me, ſaith *David*, *out of the duſt of death.*

To

To die by little and little, the third ſtep.

THe third ſtep to dying well, is to die by little and little. Naturally we are every day dying by degrees: the faculties of our minds, the ſtrength of our bodies, our common ſenſes are every day decaying *paulatim*, by little and little: every ſin is more than a diſeaſe, and a wicked life makes a continual death. *Impiè vivere eſt diu mori*, To live wickedly is to be long a dying; Therefore ſaith the good Man, *Toto die mortificamur*, We are killed all the day long.

He that uſeth this courſe every day to die by little and little, to him let Death come when it will, it can neither be terrible nor ſudden.

If we keep a Courſer to run a Race, we lead him daily over the place to acquaint him by degrees with all things in the way, that when he comes upon his ſpeed, he do not ſtart or turn aſide for any thing he ſees. So let us inure our ſouls, and then *we ſhall run with boldneſs the race that is ſet before us.*

To die by little and little, is firſt to

to mortify our leſſer ſins, and not to ſay with *Lot*, *Is it not a little one?*

We may not waſh our hands of crying, and from bloody ſins; and hug in our boſomes beloved and Herodian ſins, ſins of higher tincture; *Hoc eſt tolerare, non tollere peccata*, this is to bear with, not to bear away ſin. Saint *Auguſtine* ſayes finely, *Delicta dilecta ſunt relinquenda*, Delinquencies delighted in are to be forſaken. Men commonly diſcard thoſe ſins they can beſt ſpare, but retain thoſe they love beſt; and by changing them into better terms, would turn them from being ſins; as Pride, that diſcontented ſin, muſt be counted State; Vanity, Civillity; Diſſimulation, Courtſhip; Anger, Courage; Wantoniſing, a trick of youth; Swearing, *genus quoddam ſermonis, non peccati*; a certain kind of diſcourſe rather then of ſin; but take heed, ſpecially of theſe ſins, that make a virtue a ſin, and ſin to ſeem a virtue.

Multa enim vitia ſe virtutes eſſe mentiuntur, for many vices counterfeit themſelves to be virtues. A man, ſaith *Plato*, may do ill; but to diſguiſe it, or defend it, is to outface Truth.

Sins

Sins property is to work upon ſome vice, but to be proud in that you are not proud, is a *Phœnix*-pride. So, to be drunk for company is a ſin worſe then ſin: for other ſins move not ſhame, but hide it; this diſplayes it. Therefore forced healths at great Feaſts is a barbarous faſhion: At *Aſſuerus* Feaſt every mans rule was his own choice; and the civility of very Pagans commanded liberty of their cups.

It is hard to commit a ſingle ſin; yet of ſinners, if either party be wiſe, both may eſcape.

They cannot want retentives from ſin, that live either amongſt friends or enemies: for, friends may not be grieved; enemies may not be provoked.

Be wiſe therefore in good fellowſhip; no man is ſo wicked as to be addicted to all kind of vices; for betwixt ſome vices there is an antipathy, nor is any man ſo lewd as not to be ſometimes in good moods, and diſlike ſome ſins. The world were not to live in, if all ſins were affected by all men. But certainly great ſins will never be conquered, if little ſins be cheriſhed:

formal

formal penitents will eaſily part with ſo much of their ſin, as may abate nothing of their profit.

There be alſo a ſort of little deaths, as ſickneſs of body, loſs of friends and the like. Uſe theſe in their kind, and you may make them kindly helps to dying well.

Modeſt beginnings have hopeful proceedings, and happy endings; proceed therefore by degrees. The Prophet *David* went, *ſuſpenſo gradu*, ſtep by ſtep, and ſo *compaſſed Gods Altar*; God himſelf made nothing abſolute at firſt. This great God loves to have degrees kept.

Degreeingly to grow to greatneſs is the courſe of the world.

Wherefore they ſay in Court, He is out of the danger of folly, whom a ſpeedy advancement leaves wiſe.

Omnis mutatio eſt quædam mortis imitatio, every change is a certain imitation of death. Let a man go out as he came into the world; which was, firſt by a life of *Vegetation*, then of *Senſe*, afterwards of *Reaſon*.

David preſcribes us this order, when he ſays, *Doce me, & duce me, Domine,*

O Lord, teach me and guide me. He will not run, till he be taught to go.

Teach me to do thy Will, and lead me, O Lord, into the Land.

What Land is that? There is *terra quam terimus*, Land on earth, which by labour yields us all pleasure: that's not it.

There is *terra quam gerimus*, refined earth, beautified bodies which we bear about us; nor is this it.

There is *terra quam quærimus*, the glorious Land of Promise; that's the Land we seek. Into this Land, *Duce me, Domine*, O Lord, lead me.

For the manner of dying.

AMongst men it is a matter of chief mark, the manner of a mans death. *Summum hominis bonum, bonus ex hac vita exitus*, The chief Good of man is his good departure out of this life.

Before you dye, set your house in order: He that hath not a house, yet hath a soul: no soul can want affairs to set in order, for this finall dissolution.

The

The chief grace of the Theatre is the laſt Scene. It is the Evening that crowns the day, and we think it no good ſign of a fair morrow, when the Sun ſets in a cloud: *Finis coronat opus*, The end crowns every work. Yet I perſwade my ſelf, that night cannot but be happy, whoſe day hath been holy.

David in a deep Contemplation upon the manner of mans dying, ingeminates the word, ſaying, *'Domine, Domine, exitus Mortis, O Lord, Lord, the iſſues of death belong to thee.*

Live religiouſly, and thou ſhalt dye comfortably.

All men, as men, dye naturally; as Chriſtians, ſhould dye religiouſly. The goodman can equally live or dye; for he knows, if he live, God will protect him; if he dye, God will receive him.

Be faithful unto death, and I will give thee a Crown of Life, ſaith *Chriſt.*

Now when this great Adverſary, like a proud Giant, comes ſtalking out in his fearful ſhape, and inſults over our frayl Mortality, daring the world to match him with an equal Champion, while an whole hoſt of worldlings

ſhew

ſhew him their backs for fear, the true Chriſtian (armed only with confidence and reſolution of his future happineſs) dares boldly encounter him, and can wound him in the forehead (the wonted ſeat of Terror) and trampling upon him can cut off his head with his own Sword, and victoriouſly returning, can ſing in Triumph, *O death where is thy ſting?* An happy victory, we dye and are not foyled, yea, we are conquerers in dying; we could not overcome death, if we dyed not. That diſſolution is well beſtowed, that parts the ſoul from the body, that it may unite both unto God. All our life here is but a Vital death, how advantageous is that death that determines this falſe and dying life, and begins a true one, above all the titles of happineſs! The Epicure or Sadduce dare not dye, for fear of not being. The guilty and looſe worldling dares not dye for fear of being miſerable. The diſtruſtful and doubting Semi-Chriſtian dares not dye becauſe he knows not, whither he ſhall be, or miſerable, or not be at all. The reſolved Chriſtian dares, and would dye, becauſe he knows he ſhall be happy;

happy; and looking merrily towards heaven (the place of his rest) can unfainedly say, I desire to be dissolved. I see thee, my home, I see thee (a sweet and glorious home after a weary pilgrimage) I see thee, with admiration and ravishment of Soul! and by the goodly beams that I have seen, guessed at the glory that is above them! How oft have I scorned these dead and unpleasant pleasures of earth, in comparison of thine! I come now, my joyes, I come to possess you.

Most men wish a short Death, because Death is alwayes accompanied with pain. *Morimur gementes*, we dye groaning. To lye but an hour under Death is tedious, but to be dying a whole day we think beyond the strength of humane patience: He that desires to be dissolved and be with Christ, dyes not patiently; but lives patiently, and dyes delightfully. Happy he that after due preparation, dyes ere he be aware; So is he happy that by long sickness sees Death a far off; for the one dyes like *Elias*, the other like *Elisha*, both blessedly

The best posture to be found in when death comes, is in the exercise of our calling: *Press*, saith Saint *Paul*, *towards the mark for the prize of the high calling.*

When thou art heavy unto death, then shew a lively Faith, for at that time a stupid patience is worse than passion.

When thou art speechless, use that *Silentium loquens*, speaking-silence, tears from thy heart, *Tacuit Petrus, sed flevit*, *Peter* was silent, but he wept, and it was accounted to him for eloquence; *Nam affectum prodidit*, for it discovered his affection. A tear is but a dissolved pearl, a pearl but a condensed tear; At this time turn words into tears, and they will turn pearls. He that made the mouth is not taken with words.

A broken and a contrite heart, O Lord, thou wilt not despise.

When thou art dying, lie sorrowing for thy sins, yet not despairing; for there is joy in grief, where the sorrow is for sins; *I am the Man*, saith *Jeremy*, *that have seen sorrows:* But this *dolor peccati*, grief for sin, makes *gaudium doloris*,

doloris, a joy in sorrow. *There is more joy in Heaven for one sinner that repenteth, then, &c.*

Before thou diest vow thy soul to God, *nam qui jubet ut voveas, juvat ut reddas*, for he that commands thee to vow, will help thee to pay. Offer sacrifice upon the Altar of thy heart; If thou hast not a Lamb, that is, meekness; or a Bullock, that is, bountifulness; yet a young Pigeon, that is, wel-wishing; or a pair of Turtles, that is, *gemitus*, a groan; a sound of sorrow that thou hast no better. God loves not empty hands, so he measures fulness by the affection.

Those that have most studied Men and stories, do observe that the greatest Men and best Wits, when once they come to find their own mortality, do then with strongest resolution quit the World, apply wholly to devotion, and so end their daies with most quietness in peace.

A good Man, by his good will would die praying; and do as the Pilgrim doth, go on in his way singing, and so adds the pains of singing to that of going; Yet by this surplus

of pain, unwearies himself of pain.

But some wretches think God rather curious, than they faulty, if a few sighs, with a [*Lord have mercy upon us*] be not enough at the last gasp.

Weakness must not argue, but yield; God hath said it, and they shall find it, *Not every one that saith, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven; but he that doth the Will of my Father which is in Heaven.*

Commonly good men are best at last, even when they are dying: for they seldom die of a sin-sickness.

It was a speech worthy the commendation, and frequent remembrance of so divine a Bishop as *Augustine*, which is reported of an aged Father in his time; who, when his Friends comforted him on his sick bed, and told him, they hoped he should recover, answered, If I shall not die at all, well; but if ever, why not now? Surely it is folly, what we must do, to do unwillingly. I will never think my soul in a good case, so long as I am loth to think of dying; and will make this my comfort, not, that I shall yet live longer, but, I shall yet do more good.

The

The ſickneſs of the ſoul hath this advantage of the bodies ſickneſs; it never languiſhes under the Phyſicians hand; when it ſeems at worſt, then it is beſt; no ſooner ſaith *David*, *I am ſick*; but *Nathan* tells him, Thou art well: no ſooner ſayes he, *I have ſinned and muſt die*, but the Prophet tells him, *The Lord hath put away thy ſin, thou ſhalt not die.* Thus doth repentance make pardon coetaneous with the fault.

But it is juſt with God, that they who live without repentance ſhould die without comfort. Wo is him whoſe bed is made in Hell! Know this and believe it; all our happineſs here is holineſs, and holineſs hereafter ſhall be our happineſs.

There is no ſpectacle in the world ſo profitable, or more terrible, than to behold a dying Man, to ſtand by, and ſee a Man diſmanned. Curiouſly didſt thou make Man *in the loweſt part of the earth*, ſaith *David*: but to ſee thoſe Elements which, compounded, made the body, to ſee them divided, and the Man diſſolved, is a ruful ſight. So dependent is the life of Man, that

it cannot want one Element; Fire and Aire, these flie upward; Water and Earth, these sink downwards: so living Man becomes a dead carcase: *The breath of Man goeth out, he turns again to Earth, and then all his thoughts perish.* And what is Man but for his thoughts?

Every dying Man carries Heaven and Earth wrapt up in his bosom, and at this time each part returns homeward.

Seneca thought a Man might choose his own death; which was some ease to him. *Quemadmodum navim eligam navigaturus & domum habitaturus; ita mortem utique qua sum exiturus è vita.* As, being to sail, I may be allowed to choose my ship; and, to dwell in any place, my house: so it is as meet that I choose that kind of death, by which I shall depart from this life. But better saith another, *Stultè hæc cogitantur: vitam aliis approbare quisquam debet, mortem vero sibi*; These things are foolishly cared for; every man ought to approve his life to others, but his death to himself alone.

But since it is so great a matter to die,

die, ſo neceſſary to die well, ſo dangerous to die ill, let your life be an acting of death. That life is well adventured, where it is a gain to loſe it.

Certainly death hath great dependency on the courſe of Mans life, and life it ſelf is as frail as the body which it animates.

Auguſtus Cæſar bonam mortem putabat celerem, & inſperatam, quæ nulla ægritudine pulſaret fores: Auguſtus Cæſar accounted this to be the beſt death which is quick and unexpected, aud that beats not at our doors by any painful ſickneſs. So often as he heard of a Man that had a quick paſſage, with little ſenſe of pain, he wiſhed for himſelf that *Euthanaſie*: While he lived he uſed to ſet himſelf between his two friends, *Suſpiria & Lachrymæ*, groans and tears. When he died he called for his Lookin-glaſs, commanded to have his Hair and Beard kembed, *Et malas labentes corrigi*, his riv'led Cheeks ſmoothed up. Then asking his friends if he acted his part well, *Cum, Ita, reſponderint; Vos omnes igitur, inquit, plaudite*: When they anſwered, Yes; why then, ſays he,

do you not all clap your hands for me?

Alexander the Great did ask the *Indian* Philosopher how long a man should live: saith he, Until he think it better to dye than live; but Saint *Paul* is our best pattern, who being weary of the world, desiring to be dissolved, cryed out, (*voce tamen desiderantis, non desperantis*, as one desiring rather than despairing,) *O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of death!*

There be many that choose rather to dye quickly, than to live long sickly: *Vitam desiderant non longam sed lætam*; They desire not a long life, but a merry; yet better were it for them *aliquando agrotare*, to be sick sometimes, than *continuè valere*, to be alwayes in health. For *vitiosa sanitas*, a wicked health will make them thank Nature, and forget God.

Some on the other side will invite Death to do them the kindness to take them soon out of the world, counting a short death, the happiest passage of a mans life; yet a little while, and he that shall come, will come, and will not tarry. If life come once to be a dis-

displeasure, then death comes to do us a pleasure: and for this (saith *Tully*) a man is most beholding to Nature: *Quod unum introitum ad vitam dedit, exitus vero multos*, because she gave only one entrance to life, but many wayes to go out: *Sed non sic itur ad astra*, but this is not the way to heaven. Christians know better wayes, as how to live in grace, that they may dye in peace; *In pace ad pacem*, in peace into peace: and to whom this grace is given, for them glory is reserved.

O, saith a good man, how safe is the condition of Gods children, whom very pain easeth, death revives, sin glorifies!

Yet there is not the strongest body, nor holiest Saint on earth, but at point of death, is subject to some trepidations and qualms of fear. For the soul which comes into the body without any sensible pleasure, goes not out of the body without the sense of pain. And it troubles many a good soul to see men of the best lives, to have distempered and perplexed ends. Some raving, some despairing, some dying sud-

denly; and ſeldome any have ſo bitter draughts, as thoſe whom God loves beſt.

Natural diſtempers.

IT is fit therefore to take notice of the natural cauſes. Deſpair in dying, may as well ariſe from weakneſs of nature, as from trouble of mind; but by neither of theſe can he be prejudiced, that hath lived well.

Mark the righteous, and behold the perfect, for the end of that man is peace: His body may be ſick, but his mind is ſound: for *God maketh all his bed in his ſickneſs*, and in the inſtant of a ſharp ſeparation, his ſoul finds it ſelf happy: for he knows, *Si duriùs ſeponitur, meliùs reponitur*, though it be put off painfully, yet is it laid up joyfully.

Raving, and other ſtrange paſſions, are many times rather the effect of the diſeaſe, than coming from the mind. For upon Death's approaches, choler fuming to the brain, will cauſe diſtempers in the moſt patient Soul. In theſe caſes, the faireſt and trueſt judgment

ment to be made, is, that, ſins of ſickneſs occaſioned by violence of diſeaſe in a patient man, are but ſins of infirmity, and not to be taken as ill ſigns or preſages; *Filius tantarum lachrymarum*; A ſon of ſo many tears, cannot but be ſaved, ſaid the good Matron, when ſhe ſaw her ſon at worſt: I will not deſpair in reſpect of that mans impatient dying, whom the worm of conſcience had not devoured living.

Seldom any enter into glory with eaſe: yet the Jews ſay of *Moſes*, his ſoul was ſucked out of his mouth with a kiſs: Some have their paſſion in death that is bitter, becauſe it is inward: ſome before death, that is better, becauſe it is outward.

David in this caſe, the better to make his way, prayed and cryed, *Lord, ſpare me a little. O ſpare me, that I may recover my ſtrength before I go hence and be no more.*

Indeed to *Ezekias* ſome years of dayes were lent; but we are not worthy of that favour; we muſt not expect that God will bring back the ſhadow of degrees, when once it is gone

gone down in the Dial of *Ahaz*; we must time it as we may, and be content to live and die at uncertainties.

Therefore as a sick Man hearkens to the clock, so let us watch death. For sudden coming of death, finding a weak soul unprepared, makes it desperate, and leaves it miserable.

What death is to be accounted sudden.

Sudden death of it self is not therefore evil, because it is sudden, but because it may take us away suddenly, our souls unprepared. The good Man never dies unprepared, because his perseverance in goodness is a providence against sudden death.

To a Man well prepared, sudden death is but a quicker passage, and is not to be accounted a sudden death, but a sudden departure, because it came not unlook't for.

Though the righteous be prevented by Death (saith the Book of *Wisdom*) yet shall he be at rest, because he hath made his peace before-hand. His departure is no misery, for his hope is full of eternity. *Ezechiel* the Prophet

phet (ſo often ſtyled *Son of Man*) to him God ſayes, *I take away from thee the delight of thine eyes*, (which was his Wife) *with a ſtroke ſuddenly*, and *yet thou ſhalt not weep.*

Let not preſent pleaſures of life allure, nor cares thereof poſſeſs thee; then cannot ſudden death ſurprize thee.

Improviſa nulli Mors, cui provida Vita; Death can no man ſnap unawares, whoſe life is full of holy cares. But if a Man do not prepare to die, he may live ſeven years in a Conſumption, and yet die a ſudden death. For any time is ſudden to him that is unprepared.

They take their mark amiſs, who judge a Man by his outward behaviour in his death: If you know the goodneſs of a Mans life, miſ-judge him not by any ſtrangeneſs of his death.

Though other men can beſt judge of our actions, yet a Mans heart can beſt judge of himſelf. When a Man comes to be judged, his life, and not the manner of his death, ſhall give the evidence, with, or againſt him. Many that live wickedly, would ſeem

to

to die holily, more for fear to be damned in the opinion of people, than for any love to goodneſs. To theſe men there is *malum triplex quod manet in ſeptima*, a threefold evil which remains to the laſt; Which is *Horror in exitu*, *Dolor in tranſitu*, *Pudor in in conſpectu Dei*, Fear in their departure, Grief in their paſſage, Shame when they come in the ſight of God. If my life pleaſe God, I am ſure my death ſhall pleaſure me. Chriſt never leaves any of his at parting. *Eliſha* would not leave *Elija*, though he put him off twice, becauſe he knew there was a bleſſing to come when they parted. It is a great happineſs to die in eaſe. That Mans end is eaſie, whom death finds with a weak body, and ſtrong ſoul. *Quis tam facilè, quod vult, dormit*, who doth ſo eaſily ſleep when he pleaſeth, as he that layes down his life in peace? The air is commonly calmeſt at noon.

O my Lord, it is thou that muſt raiſe up this faint and drooping heart of mine, thou only canſt rid me of this weak and cowardly diſtruſt; Thou that ſendeſt for my ſoul, canſt prepare me for thy

thy self; thou only canſt make thy meſſenger welcome to me: O that I could but ſee thy face through death! O that I could ſee death, not as it was, but as thou haſt made it! O that I could heartily pledge thee my Saviour, in this cup, that ſo I might drink new Wine with thee in thy Fathers Kingdom.

But alas, O my God! Nature is ſtrong and weak in me at once, I cannot wiſh to overcome death, as it is worthy; when I look for moſt courage, I find ſtrongeſt temptations: I ſee and confeſs, that when I am my ſelf, thou haſt no ſuch Coward as I; let me alone and I ſhall ſhame that name of thine, which I have profeſſed, every ſecure worldling ſhall laugh at my feebleneſs. O God, were thy Martyrs thus haled to their ſtakes? might they not have bin looſed from their racks, and chooſe to die in thoſe torments. Let it be no ſhame to thy ſervant to take up that complaint which thou madeſt of thy better attendants; She Spirit is willing, but the Fleſh is weak.

O thou God of Spirits, that haſt coupled theſe two together, unite them in a deſire of their diſſolution! weaken this

this flesh to receive, and encourage this spirit either to desire, or to contemn death; and now, as I grow nearer to my home, let me encrease in the sense of my joyes: I am thine, save me O Lord; It was thou that didst put such courage into thy ancient, and late Witnesses, that they either invited, or challenged death; and held their persecutors their best friends, for letting them loose from those gieves of flesh. I know thine hand is not shortned, neither any of them hath received more proof of thy former mercies; Oh let thy goodness enable me to reach them, in the comfortable steadiness of my passage: Do but draw this vail a little that I may see my glory; and I cannot but be inflamed with the desire of it. It was not I, that either made this body for the earth, or this soul for my body, or this heaven for my soul, or this glory of heaven, or this entrance into glory: All is thine own work; Oh perfect what thou hast begun, that thy praise and my happiness may be consummate at once.

Aristotle gives the reason, *Quia tunc*

tunc vincit aut vincitur, becauſe then it either conquers, or is conquered. So is it with the ſoul of Man at the point of death.

Yet a good Man doth not alwayes die in exerciſe of his goodneſs, but as a wiſe Man when he ſleeps, loſeth not his knowledge; no more doth a good Man his graces, though he die in diſtemper; for habitudes of goodneſs do not then leave him, though they cannot then do their office for him.

But the vulgar opinion, if a Man die quietly, and go away like a Lamb, (which in Conſumptions and dull diſeaſes moſt men do) then ſure he goes to Heaven; but if he be diſtempered and of frantick behaviour, (which happens to many through extreme inflammation) then ſure he goes to Hell. This is a judgement from Nature, and not of Religion; and in this caſe truſt not natural judgement, for it is arted with ſubtilties of Phyſick: Man works by likely means, God many times by contraries.

He that can ſhut his eyes every night with a quiet conſcience, ſhall meet

meet with leaſt diſturbances when Death ſhall cloſe his eyes at laſt; not will he care who ſhuts up his earthen eyes, when Death it ſelf opens his ſouls eyes. Then ſhall we ſee more with theſe ſhut eyes, than ever we could do open-eyed: Saint *Paul* was therefore ſtricken blind, that the eyes of his ſpirit might be opened.

Serenity, joy and peace, in a dying Man, is a hopeful behaviour: Yet we ſee the clear ſtars that are ſo delightful to behold, bring forth their rayes by ſparklings and dartings, as though they were delivered of their light by travel and hard aſſayes: So good men in their death have great variety of accidents, many languors, many agonies, many iterated endeavours, travelling of Death, as in a Child-birth; ſorrows, torments, pains, being then Death's Agents; But if the paſſages of the ſoul lie open to God, without interpoſition of worldly cares, then it peaceably makes egreſs with a ſweetneſs, and that without diſturbance.

Natural cauſes will have their operations, but it is the God of Nature that commands them, it is his proprrty

ſome-

sometimes to work supernaturally by Nature. Dispute not with God; give Nature leave to cavil, and we cannot be good Christians.

But trust to this: Believe aright, and live as you believe, and you cannot but dye in safety. If you would end life quietly, render it up willingly. Let no contentments of the world so fix you to the world, as to desire longer life; Prolongation is no pleasure, but so long as it goes well with us, *Sapè in hac esse, Bonum, non diu*; To be often in this is good, but not to be long. Shortness of life is no unhappiness, *Citiùs mori vel tardiùs, ad rem non spectat; bene mori aut malè, ad rem spectat:* It is nothing to the purpose whether we dye soon or late; but whether we dye well or ill.

The Book of Wisdom saith, *He was soon taken away, lest it should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul. In principio mundi, cum homines viverent in majori simplicitate, Deus dedit eis longam vitam; postquam crescebat hominis malitia & temporis abusus, tunc abbreviavit Deus eorum dies:* In the beginning of the world, when men

men lived in greateſt innocency, God gave them longer life; but after, when the ſin of man and the abuſe of time increaſed, then God ſhortned their dayes.

Had preſent death been evil, or long life good, *Cain* had been ſlain, and *Abel* had ſurvived: but Death commonly begins firſt, where God loves beſt: *His ſoul,* ſaith the ſon of *Syrach, pleaſed God, therefore haſted he to take him away.*

Death did not ſtrike *Adam* the firſt ſinful man, nor *Cain* the firſt Hippocrite, but *Abell* the Innocent and Righteous. The firſt ſoul that met with Death, overcame Death: The firſt ſoul that parted from earth, went to Heaven. Death argues no diſpleaſure; becauſe he whom God loved beſt, dyes firſt, and the Murtherer is puniſhed with living.

Seldome is excellency in any kind long-lived; we ſee the beſt men live not longeſt: and indeed it were injurious to wiſh that goodneſs ſhould hinder any one from happineſs.

The beſt cannot be happy, but by diſſolution, their dying being but a change,

change, going from evil to good, hopes putting in them such a new life, as they care not to change the old.

The lives of all creatures else are lost to us, ours but changed to God. If the wicked man live long, it is but to aggravate his judgement; if he dye soon, it is but to hasten it.

One man seems to dye casually, another violently, both by destiny, all men by decree.

Et quem dederat cursum natura peregi, said the Poet.

And that course which Nature gave,
Finished, as I might, I have.

But the Divine tells us, that *vitæ præsentis finem telem esse decet; quale futuræ principium*, that the end of our present life ought to be such, as we desire the beginning of our future life: Nor is the place material where we dye, so we dye well.

Moses dyed upon one hill, *Aaron* upon another hill, but both where they might see the Land of Promise; *Felix conspectus*, An happy view!

Be as ready to dye as *Moses* was, when there was no more between God and him, but, *Moses, Go up and dye.*

With

With such a sociable compellation are good men invited unto death, as to a Feast.

Nec mihi Mors gravis est, posituro morte labores.

Death cannot choose but please Them, whose griefs by dying cease:

——Mors mihi merces erit.

Death shall be gain to me.

But, O my soul, what ails thee to be thus suddenly backward, and fearful? No heart hath more freely discoursed of death, in Speculation; no tongue hath more extolled it in absence. And now that it is come to thy beds-side, and hath drawn thy curtains, and takes thee by the hand, and offers thee service, thou shrinkest inward, and by the paleness of thy face, and wildness of thine eye, bewrayest an amazement at the presence of such a guest, That face which was so familiar to thy thoughts, is now unwelcome to thine eyes. I am ashamed of this weak irresolution. Whitherto have tended all thy serious Meditations? What hath Christianity done to thee, if thy fears be still heathenish? is this thy Imitation of so many worthy Saints of God,

God, whom thou haſt ſeen entertain the violenteſt deaths with Smiles and Songs? Is this the fruit of thy long and frequent inſtruction? Did'ſt thou think Death would have been content with words? Did'ſt thou hope it would ſuffer thee to talk while all other ſuffer? Where is thy faith? Yea, where art thou my ſelf, O my ſoul? Is Heaven worthy of no more thanks, of no more joy? Shall Hereticks, ſhall Pagans give death a better welcome than thou? Haſt thy Maker, thy Redeemer ſent for thee, and art thou loth to go? Hath he ſent for thee, to put thee in poſſeſſion of that glorious Inheritance, which thy wardſhip hath chearfully expected, and art thou loth to go? Hath God with this Serjeant of his, ſent his Angels to fetch thee, and art thou loth to go? Rouſe up thy ſelf for ſhame, O my ſoul! and if ever thou haſt truly believed ſhake off this Unchriſtian diffidence, and addreſs thy ſelf joyfully for thy glory.

All motions tend to reſt.

Return then to thy Reſt, O my ſoul! for God hath dealt bountifully with thee.

Aſſurance of life after death.

AWake and ſing, ſaith the Prophet Eſay, *ye that dwell in duſt, for thy dew is the dew of herbs, and the earth ſhall caſt out her dead. Thy dead men ſhall live; with my body ſhall they riſe.*

For reall aſſurance both to our bodies and our ſouls, there are three bodily inhabitants already gone to Heaven: *Enoch* before the Law, *Elijah* under the Law, *Chriſt* under the Goſpel; yet for further aſſurance, *Ipſe dixit*, Chriſt himſelf hath ſaid it, *Becauſe I live, ye ſhall live alſo. I am the Reſurrection and the life. Qui credit in me, etiamſi mortuus fuerit, vivet*: He that believeth in me, though he die, yet ſhall he live. Although my fleſh be eaten with Worms, theſe Worms turned to duſt, blown thorow the earth, yet after thou haſt turned all to deſtruction, again thou ſayeſt, *Come again ye children of men.* Therefore, *O Death, where is thy ſting? O Grave where is thy victory?* ſaith St. *Paul.*

Hitherto

In the mean time, thou ſhalt but ſleep in this bed of earth: he that hath tryed the worſt of death, hath called it no worſe, very Heathens hath termed them Couſins, and it is no unuſual thing for Couſins of Bloud, to carry both the ſame names and features. Haſt thou wont, O my Body! when the day hath wearied thee, to lie down unwillingly to to thy reſt? behold in this ſleep there is more quietneſs, more pleaſure of Viſions, more certainty of waking, more cheerfulneſs in riſing: why then art thou loth to think of laying off thy Rags, and repoſing thy ſelf? Why art thou like a Child, unwilling to go to bed? Haſt thou ever ſeen any Bird, which when the Cage hath been opened, would rather ſit ſtill and ſing within her Grates, than fly forth unto her freedom in the Woods? Haſt thou ever ſeen any Priſoner in love with his Bolts and Fetters? Did the chief of the Apoſtles, when the Angel of God ſhined in his Jayl, and ſtruck him on the ſide, and looſed his two Chains, and bad him ariſe quickly, and opened both the Wooden, and Iron Gate, ſay, What, ſo

ſoon, yet a little ſleep? What madneſs had it been, rather to ſlumber betwixt his two Keepers, than to follow the Angel of God into Liberty? Haſt thou ever ſeen any Mariner that hath ſaluted the Sea with Songs, and the Haven with Tears? What ſhall I ſay to this diffidence, O my ſoul! that thou art unwilling to think of reſt after thy toil, of freedom after thy durance, of the Haven after an unquiet and tempeſtuous paſſage? How many are there that ſeek death, and cannot find it, merely out of the irkſomeneſs of life. Haſt it found thee, and offered thee better Conditions, not of immunity of evils, but of poſſeſſion of more good than thou canſt think, and wouldſt thou now fly from happineſs, to be rid of it?

Hitherto ſhalt thou come, ſaid *Job*, but no further: here ſhall thy proud waves be ſtayed: *Mors uſque ad corpus ſolum pertinget, ultra non progredietur*, Death ſhall only reach to the body, but ſhall proceed no further. It ſtands not with Divinity, not is it conſonant to Reaſon, that Man, for whom all things ſpring, ſhould not have

have his Spring, and riſe again. I ſee worms and flies, and other creatures that ſpend the Winter-ſeaſon in a kind of Death, revive in the Spring: I ſee my ſelf dead every night, and alive in the morning; doubt not therefore of this Article of belief of all moſt comfortable; I know whom I have truſted, ſaith Saint *Paul*; and I am aſſured he is able to keep that which I have commited unto him againſt that day. *And they ſhall be mine*, ſaith God by the Prophet *Malachi*, *in that day when I make up my Jewels.*

What? Is it a Name that troubles thee? What if men ſhould call ſleep death, wouldſt thou be afraid to cloſe thy eyes? What hurt is it then, if he that ſent the firſt ſleep upon Man, whiles he made him an helper, ſend this laſt, and ſoundeſt ſleep upon me, whiles he prepares my ſoul for a glorious Spouſe to himſelf; It is but a parting which we call death, as two Friends when they have led each other on the way, ſhake hands till they return from their journey, if either ſhould miſcarry, there were cauſe of

sorrow; now they are more sure of a meeting, than of a parture; what folly is it, not to be content to redeem the unspeakable gain of so dear a friend with a little intermissions of enjoying him? He will return laden, with the riches of Heaven, and will fetch his old partner to the participation of this glorious wealth. Go then, my Soul, to this sure and gainful traffique, and leave my other half in a Harbour as safe, though not so blessed; yet so shall thou be seperated, that my very dust shall be united to thee still, and to my Saviour in thee.

Resurgam, I shall rise again, said good Bishop *King*. *It is now time to awake, for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed*; nor will I fear how this body of mine shall appear another day: For I am promised by him that will perform, it shall not be found naked; but this covering of the flesh being cast off, it shall be clothed with glory as with another garment. The Children of the Resurrection die no more, for they are equal to the Angels. If thy life be hid with Christ in God, then when Christ

Christ which is thy life shall appear, thou shalt appear in Glory.

The word of assurance, is *Redemptor meus, my Redeemer; my Father, and your Father*, saith the Gospel: there is great divinity in these Pronouns, *meum & tuum*, mine and thine, they are words of assurance to mens souls, though in mens states they are the ground of all controversies. *I know that my Redeemer lives.* But I do not therefore know this, because I will know it: for the will cannot invade the understanding. How then do I know it? Not by opinion, but by faith; *Fides non creditur, sed cernitur:* Faith is not believed, but perceived. Things are not so, because we are perswaded they are so; but because they be so, therefore we are so perswaded. The woman with child, knows she is so, when she feels it stir lively: So the Spirit of God assures our Spirit when we lively feel his Spirit in us.

Holy *Job* saith, *Though after the skin, worms destroy the body, yet in my flesh I shall see God for my self: and mine own eyes shall behold him, and not anothers.*

Which numeral Identity gives certainty, that this ſoul of mine impersonated anew, and ſo inanimating my body again, ſhall give a new being, and a better being unto both.

That ſoul, the loſt Pearl, which to find a Man would have given all he had, ſhall there be found engraven in a body of gold; whereas here it was poorly ſet in clay. He which came with his garments red from *Bozra*, will cloath us in white.

It doth not yet appear what we ſhall be, but we know that when Chriſt ſhall appear, we ſhall be like him, for we ſhall ſee him as he is, ſaith St. *John. Come then ye bleſſed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you*; and, *Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's pleaſure to give you the Kingdom. Tarry but a little while*, ſaith Saint *Paul, and he that ſhall come, will come, and will not tarry.*

A Man, ſaith *Chryſoſtome*, would dwell in this Contemplation, and be loath to come out of it. Nay, ſaith Saith *Auguſtine*, *A Man might age himſelf in it, and ſooner grow old than weary.*

The

The fourth general division. IV.

Death approaching, what our last thoughts should be.

SEneca saith, the last day judgeth all the precedent. *Ultimum optimum*, the last is the best; dying words are weightiest, and make deepest impressions: yet our last thoughts are readiest to spend themselves upon somewhat that we loved best while we lived. *Jezabel* at last was more taken up with seeming fair, than being happy. *Et nunc quoque versus ad illam:* and then even when ready to die, she was busied about it, because she loved her face more than her soul.

The soul is felt, when it is entring into glory, breaths divine things: At this time a good Man's tongue is in his breast, not in his mouth; his words are then so pithy and so pectoral.

Anatomists do say, there are strings in a Mans tongue, which go to his

heart; when these break, Man speaks his heart. *Utinam saperent & intelligerent, & novissima providerent*, said *Moses*: Oh that they were wise, and would understand, and forsee their latter end, when he was dying. Christs last words in the Bible are, *Surely I come quickly*; Our answer is, Amen. Even so come, Lord Jesus, &c.

As in greatest extremities good Physitians leave drugs, and minister only Cordials; so deal by thy soul when death approches; Lay thee down and sleep in peace, cast away all worldly cares, entertain only thoughts that will animate thy weak body, and refresh thy thirsty soul, as did that *dew of Hermon*, falling upon the *Hill of Sion*. When sickness undresses Man for death, then *Job's Scio*, I know, and Saint *Paul's Cupio*, I desire, are the words of sweetest comfort.

Man, saith *Jeremy*, puts his mouth at last to the dust, if so be there may be hope. But rely not longer on the Physitian; Earthly means were for use, they are not for confidence. God cannot be God, if Nature limit him. Happy is the Man whose last day is his best day.

All

All the while I lived, ſaid a good Man, I was going on my journey, *in via*, in my way, but not *in patria*, in my countrey; but now that I am dying, I find my ſelf near home, I am come to Mount *Sion*, I will not therefore ſit down on this ſide *Jordan*, but haſten to the heavenly *Jeruſalem*; whither when I come, I ſhall there ſee my God face to face; hear my Saviour ſay, *Euge bone ſerve*, *Well done good ſervant*, *It is my Fathers will to give thee a Kingdom.*

Is it not enough that my Saviour is gone up to prepare a place for me, but will he give me a Kingdom? and ſhall not I be glad, when God ſhall come and fetch me, to enthrone me in this Kingdom? *Abſit*, God forbid. If Chriſt be gone up to prepare a place for me, Lord, let me be prepared for that place. Bleſſed Eternity! Where art thou? I am ſeeking for thee, and I ſee thee coming towards me. Now methinks I hear my ſoul ſay, *Cur non accedis*, *Domine*? *Quid moraris*? O Lord, why art thou ſo far off, why tarrieſt thou?

I have too long dwelt in this Se-

pulchre of earth; *Va mihi, quia prolongatus est incolatus meus in terra!* Wo is me that my pilgrimage is so prolonged on earth! wo is me that I still remain in *Mesech*, and dwell in the tents of *Kedar!* It is enough, Lord, as *Elias* said in the wilderness; Take now away my life, for I am no better than my Fathers were. My soul thirsteth for thee: When shall I come and appear before thee? Nay, my soul is now grown so high-minded, that she saith, *Major sum, & ad majora genitus, quam ut mancipium sim hujus corporis:* I am of more worth, and born to more worthy things, than to be the slave of my own body. Man is not quiet, till he be more than Man: let his condition here civilly be what it will, it will not content him. Bare Philosophy made such impression in *Socrates*, that *in carcere damnatus egit cum discipulis de corpore, tanquam de alio ergastulo*, lying condemned in prison, he discoursed to his Scholars concerning the body, as concerning another prison: counting the body to be a worse prison to the soul, than that prison was to him.

Plato

Plato when he saw one over-indulgent to his body, by high feeding it, asked what he meant, to make his prison so strong? When you pamper the flesh, you do but victual the Enemy.

The body at best is but the living Coffin of the soul, as the grave is the dead Coffin of the body.

Thus doth Divine Contemplation make us high in thoughts, rich in expectation; Therefore it is but the duty of Man to know the dignity of his soul, which is so heavenly ambitious, as it will not let heaven alone, till it may shine, as it is seen.

Gravata est anima mea, My soul is oppressed, my body is a burden to my soul; It hath had honour enough to have been so long companion with it: wherefore now, as St. *Hierome* saith, *Egredere anima, egredere*; Go forth, my soul, go forth.

What dost thou longer here on earth, O thou my Heaven-born Soul!

The Hermite, sitting on his Turf, said to his soul, *Sexaginta annos servivisti Deo, & nunc mori times?* Thou hast served God these sixty years, and art thou now afraid to die? Go out of this

this Ark of flesh, O my soul! for I now smell the savour of rest; *Celeritas nunc in desiderio mora est*, Haste it self is slow unto desire. As Christ said to his Disciples, *Surgite, eamus hinc*, Let us arise and go hence: So say I to thy soul, *Surge anima de mundo, eamus in cœlum*; Arise, my soul, from the world, let us go up to Heaven.

Though my soul, as a Bird, for necessity sake hath been fain to stay a while here upon earth, yet willingly would it be soaring in the skie; but I find that, *Ista vita est mihi impedimento ad id, propter quod vivitur*, this life is an hindrance to that for whose sake we live: Specially when I hear my Saviour say, *Father, I will that those whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory. To him that is faithful unto the Death, I will give a crown of life.* *Sybilla* before Christ, and *Plato* likewise, do both agree that the union of Mans soul with God, is that true felicity which all Philosophy aims at. Therefore *Desiderio desideravi ergastuli hujus egressum*, I have earnestly desired my dismission from this prison, that I may

see

see *facie ad faciem*, face to face, him whom my soul loveth, and be, Lord, where thou enjoyest thy self, and glorified spirits enjoy thee.

Ostende mihi Patrem, & sufficit, Shew me the Father, and it sufficeth. Surely saith Saint *Augustine* in his Meditations; *Domine creasti nos ob te; nunquam erit cor quietum donec perveneris ad te*: O Lord, thou hast made us for thy self, and our hearts can never be quiet until they come unto thee. *Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord*, saith St. *John*, *Yea*, saith the *Spirit*, *they rest from their labours, and their works follow them.* O thou source of the Springs of *Lebanus*, my soul now thirsteth to be with thee; in the twilight, betwixt the day of life, and night of death.

Entertain thy last hour with such like thoughts, *Et hæ tibi dabunt ad æternitatem iter & in itinere sublevabunt*, and they will prepare thy journey to eternity, and help thee in thy journey. They will angelize thy body, and emparadise thy soul, before thou comest into Heaven; yield a sweetness beyond the bitterness of death.

Certainly,

Certainly, a good Soul thus employing it self *in istâ horâ*, in that hour will not leave the felicity it shall have in such an assured transmigration from death to life, for all the joys that life past did ever render it.

Good Saint *Augustine*, in a high speculation, endeavouring to express this heavenly joy, was asked by a grave old Man, *Father Augustine, Quid agis?* What art thou about to do? A Man may as well draw in all the air in the world with a breath, as express to the life what thou art now about; not that there is want of words, but want in words to express it.

As griefs concealed, so joys expressed grow greater; wherefore though this ineffable joy cannot be expressed, *Quantus vel qualis sit*, how much, or how great it is, yet it is, *Res generosa conari alta, mente majora concipere, quàm quæ effici possunt*, a generous thing to attempt at the highest, and aim at greater things in our souls than we are able to perform.

Therefore this we may do, some way sample that which no way we can express, *In arduis valuisse sat est*,

In

In high things but to will is held enough; in some things good purposes supply actions.

Like as a bird that hath been long encaged, then chants it most merrily, when she gets loose into the open air.

Nititur in sylvas quæque redire suas:
And every one of that wing'd race
Striv's for the wood, their native place.

Or as a sick man that hath wearily tossed and turned himself in his bed all the dull night long, is then comforted at the approach of the day-break, when the Sun-beams gild the morning:

Or as a prisoner that feels his chains heavy upon him, longs for releasement.

Liberáque à ferris crura futura velit:
And his weary limbs would fain
Deliver from the iron chain.

So will it be with thy soul, when thou shalt hear thy Saviour say, *I am thy salvation: Come unto me thou that art weary, and heavy laden, and I will refresh thee.*

Pœnitentibus & petentibus pertinet Regnum Cœlorum, The Kingdom of Heaven belongs to Penitents and Petitioners:

titioners: To them that are weary of this durance, and sue for deliverance, belongeth the Kingdom of Heaven.

Wherefore as a wearied traveller that hath passed a long journey, though perhaps met with some delights by the way, is then gladdest when he comes within kenning of his Countrey;

Natale solum dulcedine cunctos ducit,

The native soyl invites
All with its sweet delights.

Even so thy soul after many years pilgrimage in the wilderness of this wretched world, being come with *Moses* to mount *Nebo*, and beholding the pleasant land of *Canaan*, from the top of *Pisgah*, will then laugh for joy, as doth the Horizon to see the Sun coming, *as a Bridegroom out of his chamber.*

The same God that by the hands of his Angels carried up the soul of *Moses* to his glory, doth also by the hands of his Angels carry his body down into the valley of *Moab*, to his Sepulture. Those hands that had taken the Law from him, those eyes that had seen his presence, those Lips that had conferred so oft with him, that Face that did

did so shine with the beams of his glory, may not be neglected when the soul is gone. He that took charge of his birth, and preservation in the road, takes charge of his Carriage out of the world. The care of God ceaseth not over his own, either in death or after it: Yet that divine hand which lockt up this treasure, and kept the Key of it, brought it forth afterwards, glorious. In the transfiguration, this body which was hid in the valley of *Moab*, appeared in the hill of *Tabor*, that we may know, these bodies of ours are not lost but laid up, and shall as sure be raised in glory, as they are laid down in corruption. We know that, when he shall appear, we shall also appear with him in glory.

Dilectus meus descendit ad hortum suum, ad areolam aromatum, My beloved went down to his garden, to the bed of spices.

Of this joy thy dazled eyes might have some glimps, while thou wast in health; but then it was, as the blind mans vision in the Gospel, to whose first sight men seemed to walk like trees; but in this thy new state thou shalt see

see clearly men and Angels stand before the Lambs Throne, and hear thy self invited to the Lambs Supper, where *thou shalt be brought into the Wine-cellar, and love will be the banner over thee.* It is the best eloquence to speak to God in the same language he speaks to us.

Come then, O Shulamite, *stay me with Flagons, and comfort me with Apples, for I am sick of love. Kiss me with the kisses of thy mouth, for thy love is better than wine. Shew me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou liest at noon.*

Thus with *Solomon* in a Canticle, and with *David* in a Psalm, let be the Raptures of thy soul, which as in a trance shall be caught up to Heaven, as was *Philip* by the Spirit, or *Ezechiel* by the Angel.

And with an heroical alacrity, tempered with a gratious humility, give up thy soul to God, and bid farewell to the world.

Sing with *Deborah*, *O my soul, thou hast marched valiantly*; and say with *David*, *Return now, my soul, unto thy rest, for the Lord hath rewarded thee.*

Dying

Dying St. *Stephen*, before his eyes were closed, had a facial sight of his Saviour, *Videbat Deum per essentiam, looked stedfastly into the Heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing at the right hand of God:* Old *Simeon* after he had seen his Saviour, rejoyced then to say, *Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.* *Hoc videam, & moriar; Morior ut videam:* Let me see this and die? And till then I die, I die.

THE RAPTURE OF THE SOUL.

Rapitur anima, cum cœlestia contemplatur, & contemplando jucundatur: The soul is ravished when she contemplates heavenly things, and is delighted with that Contemplation.

This

This is a kind of Arrept on to Heaven; when a Man abstracts himself from earth, and by Contemplation grows into acquaintance with GOD; for then he seems to converse with God, and become *divinæ particeps naturæ*, a partaker of the divine nature, then he sends forth strong emanations of divine love. Those *affectiones extaticæ*, extatick affections, are the signals *Amoris liquidi*, of a melting love: *liquescit anima, cùm devotione calescit*, the soul melteth when she is warmed by devotion. Such love suffers not me to be a lover of my self; *Et quid ipsos nisi Seraphim dixerim, quorum cor conversum est in ignem divini amoris?* and what shall I call them but Seraphims, whose hearts are turned into flames of divine love? *Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth*, so begins that *Canticum canticorum, & jucundum quidem eloquium, quod ab osculo sumit principium*, Song, of Songs and 'tis truly a sweet language, which beginneth with kisses. This *fruitivum amor*, enjoying love, by divine rapture unites me to God: for in rapture a man seems to walk

walk with God, as *Enoch* did; talk with God, as *Moſes* did; ſee God, as *Stephen* did.

And becauſe ſight increaſes delight; therefore rapture would fain aſcend to viſion; *Videre illa, non quæ videntur, ſed quæ non videntur*, to ſee thoſe things, not which are ſeen, but which are not ſeen.

But that's a priviledge for St. *Paul*, *Vidi Dominum*, ſaith *Jacob*, *facie ad faciem, & ſalva facta eſt anima mea.* I ſaw the Lord face to face, and my ſoul was delivered. Holy *Hierom* ſwears it; *Teſtor Deum, poſt hebdomadarum jejunia viſus ſum mihi verſari inter agmina Angelorum*, I call God to witneſs, that after I had done my faſting weeks, me thought I was among the troops of Angels; to have private converſation with Queens of Angels. The firſt Chriſtians were raviſhed with a greater deſire of knowledge than of food; ſometimes lived three daies together in contemplation, and never ate. *Raptus, eſt ſupremus gradus contemplationis*, Rapture is the higheſt degree of contemplation, ſaith Saint *Auguſtine*; which raiſes in Man towering

towring thoughts, irradiates his ſoul with high apprehenſions; and ſo elevates him to God, as it takes him out of himſelf, to live above himſelf. *Neſcio in quam dulcedinem duces me, Domine!* ſaid he in his rapture, I am not able to underſtand that ſweetneſs into which thou leadeſt me, O my God!

The Soul being thus powerfully attracted by the inducement of ſo fair ang divine delight, ſhe on her part correſponds, and with a willing aſſent glides after theſe attracts; and, as a vapour exhal'd by the Sun, ſhe goes out of her ſelf, and would willingly draw the body with her, but that ſubſtance is too ſad; wherefore ſhe quits it as not agil, nor ſprightfull enough to ſoar ſo high; *O that my Soul had wings as a Dove, that I might flee, and be at reſt!* ſaith *David.*

It is an admirable thing to conſider, that the eye of a man ſo weak, ſo tender a piece, ſhould look up every day to Heaven, ſo wonderful in height, and yet never be tired by the way: by this I ſee that heavenly Contemplation, (which is the beſt Optick) if it be

be strong enough, and not over-clogg'd with earthy thoughts, is able to carry us with ease to heavenly extasie.

The Will takes pleasure to perceive the Understanding (which is the Soul's King) taken into rapture; and when the faculties both of Will and Understanding do intercommunicate their ravishments, then are we sweetly brought into divine extasie; in which state Man feels nothing of the Human, but dies in his life, and lives in his death.

Of this sacred extasie the Seraphical Divines make three sorts; one of understanding, a second of affection, a third of action.

Action is added, because a Man is not to be above himself in Contemplation, and under himself in Conversation. The first of the three is, *in splendore*, in brightness; the second *in fervore*, in heat; the third *in labore*, in labour: the one caused by admiration, the other by devotion, the last by operation.

In these Raptures, the Fathers, who were styled Saints, had such a complacency,

placency, as they strove to act this as the way of a new life, sometimes before their death; insomuch as the Votaries would say, *Never was a Saint*, but had extasies, and ravishment of life before his death; they laboured by a liquefaction of their souls into God, to ensoul themselves in God, to put themselves out of the natural comportment of the body, and so to live in Divine extasie without living in the body.

This made Saint *Paul* to say, *I knew a Man in Christ fourteen years ago, whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell.*

Some so lived, as it were doubted whether they were living men dead, or dead men living. Nay, some with fervency of spirit were transported into such extasie, that their souls being wholly conversant in divine Contemplation, they cared not to afford common assistance to Nature, and so have died through exinanition and want of strength, conceiving there was no use of any creature, to them that enjoyed the Creator.

Thus did love perform the office of death,

death, *Love is as ſtrong as Death*, ſaith *Solomon*; nay, with them it wrought more than death could do; for death only performeth by effect, that which love operateth by affection; Death did but ſeperate their bodies from their ſouls; but love ſeparated their ſouls from their bodies living.

In ſuch a tranſe, they report Saint *Baſil* to ſay, *That* Jacob, *when he had faſt hold on God, let him go for a bleſſing*: But the *Shulamite*, *My ſoul will not let thee go ſo*: For ſhe now ſeeks no more benedictions of God, but to enjoy the God of Benedictions.

St. *Jerom* was wont to ſay, *O my Saviour, diddeſt thou die for love of me? A love more dolorous than death, but to me a death more lovely than love it ſelf. I cannot live, love thee, and be longer from thee.*

When *Severinus*, the Indian Saint, was recovering from dying; it is reported he was heard to ſay, *O my God, do not for pity ſo over-joy me: if I muſt ſtill live, and have ſuch conſolations, take me to heaven: for he that hath once taſted this and thy ſweetneſs, muſt neceſſarily live afterwards in bitterneſs.*

This is the ſtate of love's life in God, which giveth a ſuper-humane being unto Man, Man being yet on earth.

This ardent love engraffing me into God by her uniting vertue; makes me now ſay, *Vivo ego, ſed non ego, vivit verò in me Chriſtus*: Now I live, yet not I, but Chriſt liveth in me. *My life is hid in Chriſt with God.* And now me thinks I ſee him face to face, *Viſione illa beatifica, & jugiter revelata facie, Sponſi gloriam ſpeculando, transformatur anima de claritate in claritatem: Audet & ipſa loqui*: In that bleſſed viſion, and face of God alwayes revealed, by viewing the glory of the Bridegroom, the ſoul is transformed from glory to glory; ſo that ſhe dare ſay, *Tota pulchra es amica*, Thou art all fair my Love.

Who is this that cometh from Edom *with red garments from* Bozra? *I now behold the) day ſpring from on high come to viſit me. Say then to the North, Give; and to the South, Reſtore: And ſo come Lord Jeſus, come quickly.*

MORTIS

MORTIS EPILOGUS.

The Concluſion of Death.

Quoniam, Mors me quotidie expectat, ego mortem quotidie expectabo; becauſe death doth attend me daily, I will daily wait for death.

But before thou goeſt hence, conſider well theſe four things.

1. *Unde venis*, Whence thou comeſt.
2. *Quo vadis*, Whither thou goeſt.
3. *Quid es*, What thou art.
4. *Quid eris*, What thou ſhalt be.

Upon enquiry, *Unde venio*, whence I come; I am told, *Peccatores, peccatorem me in peccato genuerunt*, that ſinners begat me a ſinner in ſin.

Miſeri miſerum me in hanc lucis miſeriam induxerunt, miſerable wretches brought me a miſerable wretch into this vale of miſery.

Conceptus culpa, Naſci miſeria, Vivere pœna, Mors anguſtia; Et quanto eſt vita mea longior, tanto eſt culpa mea numeroſior: My conception was ſin, my birth miſery, my life a puniſhment, my death a torment; And by

how much my life is longer, by so much is my sin the greater.

This makes me think,

Quorsum commodata est mihi vita humana? To what end is this humane life lent unto me?

For this only,

Ad comparandam vitam cœlestem,
Et hoc vult divina clementia,
Quod vita mea sit brevior,
Ut labor meus sit levior,

To gain an heavenly life,
And this is all divine love aims at;
That so my life may seem shorter,
And my labour may be less.

For my *Quo vado*, Whither go I?

IT is life's *Posie*, *Vadere*, to fade and decay.

Vado, I go, tells me, I am *in transitu*, in a passing-state.

But it rejoyceth me to think,
Eo ad Patres, that I go to my Fathers.
And this hope comforts,

Sepe-

Sepelieris in ætate bona, thou ſhalt be buried in a good old age.

Therefore *nec me tædet vivere, nec timeo mori*: it neither troubles me to live, nor affrights me to die:

Mihi enim mors ſervit in ſolatium vitæ, for death helps to comfort my life.

Vitam habeo in patientia, mortem verò in deſiderio; and ſo I live in patience, and I die in deſire.

Plangam ergo paulatim dolorem meum, Et tunc oblitus exilii, ibo ad patriam: I ſhall therefore a little while bewail my ſorrow, and then forgetful of my baniſhment, I ſhall go to my Countrey.

Nam mortua morte revertitur mihi vita, for when death it ſelf ſhall die, life will return to me again.

To expreſs, *Quid ſum*, What I am.

QUis fando explicare queat? What ſpeech can unfold?

Pulvis & Aer, Duſt and Air, this I know;

Et in pulverem reverteris, and to duſt thou ſhalt return; this is ſure:

That *homo est morbidum, putre, cassum*; a Man is ſickly, rotten, empty thing.

Et in non hominem vertitur omnis homo, and that every Man ſhall be turned into no Man.

Th s every Man finds.

Our metal is, *de humore liquido*, of a moiſt humour.

And the mould no better, *In utero impuro*, in an unclean womb.

Damnatus antequam natus, condemned ſooner than born, that's our condition.

Our beſt Stock is, *Semen Abrahæ*, the ſeed of *Abraham*.

Dicens putredini, ſaying to corruption, *Thou art my Mother.*

And to the worms, *You are my Brethren.*

Here is our great Kindred.

Our dwelling is, *inter pulices & culices* amongſt Flies and Fleas.

Our quality vile, our weight lighter than vanity, our worth nothing.

What then is our being?

Somnium & dolor, a dream and ſorrow.

If

If so,

Si natus sum plorans
Si mo'ior plangens,
Nolo ego vivere ridens:
Hoc tantum volo,
Animam meam ornare, quæ Deo & Angelis,
Mox præsentanda est in cœlis.

If weeping I be born, and weeping die
Why do I live so free and pleasantly
This only I desire
My soul to attire,
Which is to be presented by and by
To God and Angels, with all purity.

Now for *Quid eris*, What thou shalt be?
This also I know.

Quod sum, & me non esse scio. Sed id esse & nosce desidero. Nam videre Deum, vivere cum Deo. Esse in Deo est habere Deum. Hoc est æterna scientia, & scientia æternitas. I know what I am, and therefore know my self not to be. But yet I desire both to be and know what I am. For to see God, and to live with God, is to be in God, and to have God: and this is

eternal safety and secure eternity.

This may be admired, hardly understood:

Yet better understood than can be expressed.

Therefore to my soul I say not; *O Animula, blandula, vagula,* O poor, pretty, wandring soul! But,

O Anima Dei insignita imagine, Decorata similitudine, Despousata Fide, Redempta Sanguine, Dotata Spiritu, Deputata cum Angelis, Quid tibi cum carne? O soul, Ennobled with the Image of God, Adorned with his likeness, Espoused to him by faith, Redeemed by his blood, Endowed with his Spirit, Ranked with his Angels, What hast thou to do with flesh?

But to contemplate,

Quanta claritas, quanta suavitas, quanta jucunditas maneat me in illa visione, cum facie ad faciem videbo Christum! Oh what brightness, what sweetness, what pleasure remaineth for me in that vision, where I shall behold Christ face to face!

O Lord, hear my words, consider my Meditations, Psal.

Go not far from me, O God: my God, haſt thee to help me.

A Prayer.

A Prayer for to be uſed by the Sick.

O give me the comfort of thy help again, and *ſtabliſh me* with thy free Spirit.

O Eternal, omnipotent, and incomprehenſible GOD, *Lord of* my *life*, and determiner of my days: my body now is *reſolving into duſt*, and my ſoul *returning to thee that gaveſt it.* O Lord moſt holy, O God moſt mighty; O holy and merciful *Saviour*, thou moſt worthy Judge eternal; ſuffer me not at my laſt hour for any pain of death to fall from thee: *draw near unto me*, who make haſte to come unto thee. Give me a cleaner ſight of thee, by how much the nearer I am out of the dark priſon of my body: Give me alſo a quicker *taſt of the powers of the life to come*, that I may more comfortably paſs over theſe laſt troubles of this preſent life. O Lord, *my ſoul is heavy even unto death*; for the weight of all my ſins (aggravated by the Devil) is at once upon me, and

I ſink and faint under this *burden which is too heavy for me to bear: neither is there any means under Heaven to eaſe* me of it, but by laying it upon him that *hath born our infirmities and carried our ſorrows, the Lord Jeſus Chriſt: thou art the only Phyſitian heal me, thou art that bleſſed Samaritan pity me, thou art the Reſurrection and life, quicken me. O Father of mercy, and God of all conſolation*, let not the guilt of my ſins, or horrour of thy judgements, or Satan's ſuggeſtions, or the fear of death, or terrours of Hell drive me to deſperation. I confeſs that for my unmindfulneſs of thee, and ungratefulneſs to thee, all my life, I deſerve that thou ſhouldeſt utterly abandon and forſake me now at my death: *but thy thoughts are not like our thoughts, nor* thy affections like ours. *Though a woman ſhould forget the fruit of her womb, yet thou wilt not*, nor canſt not *forget* thoſe that truſt in thee. *Thy gifts and graces are without repentance, and whom thou loveſt, thou loveſt to the end. Thou wilt not break a bruiſed Reed, nor quench the ſmoking Flax.* Thou haſt *ſeverely corrected* me

me in this thy fearful visitation; yet thou *hast not*, and I stedfastly believe, *wilt not give me over to eternal death.* Dear Father, *shew thy strength in my* greatest *weakness*: confirm thy mercy to me in my great st need; apply thy comfort to me in this my last extremity. Asswage the pains of my body with ghostly comforts; and diminish *the fear of death*, by the assured hope of a *better life.* Call to my mind (whilst yet I breath) all the errours of my understanding, that I may timely revoke them; all the sins of my will, that I may heartily bewail them; all the testimonies of thy love, that I may gratefully acknowledge them; all the *promises of thy Gospel*, that I may comfortably embrace them; all my holy vows and purposes, that I may finally confirm them: and, gracious Lord, *accept the will for the deed.*

O let me, that am now returning to *dust and ashes*, *speak but this once to my Lord*, and Maker. With all my heart, soul, and strength, I beseech thee, by all that my Saviour *Jesus Christ* hath done and suffered for me, I entreat thee *speak peace to my*

soul!

soul at her departing, and *say unto her, I am thy salvation.* Make my election sure by my true repentance, fervent charity, assured confidence, constant patience, comfortable perseverance unto the end, and in the end, *Amen.*

Another Prayer to be used at the visiting of the Sick; for thou O Lord God, art the thing that I long for: thou art my hope even from my youth.

O let thine ears consider well the voice of my complaint.

O Most Glorious *Creator*, gracious *Redeemer*, everlasting *Comforter*, *Lord God Almighty*, *send me aid and help from Heaven* in this my last and most dreadful conflict with all the *powers of hell and darkness.* Arm me with thy *complete armour*, and *endue me with power from above* to vanquish Satan and his infernal bands, and to *quench all the fiery darts of the wicked*, in the bloud of my Redeemer. I am thine, O *God the Father*, by the right of Creation; I am thine, O *God the Son*, by the right of thy purchase: I am thine,

O

O *God the Holy Ghost*, by the right of thine inhabitation, and poſſeſſion: ſave me *Father*, by thy power: ſave me *Son*, by thy merits: ſave me *Holy Spirit*, by thy grace. O Holy, Bleſſed, and Glorious Trinity, *whoſe power no creature is able to reſiſt*, rebuke and confound thine enemy that goeth about to *deface thine Image* in me; to ſpoil thy workmanſhip, to deſtroy him for whom thou, O Son, offeredſt thy ſelf on the Croſs by the eternal Spirit to *the Father*. O *Father*, be now to me a *Father* in my greateſt diſtreſs: O *Jeſus*, be to me a *Jeſus*, in my greateſt danger: O *Comforter*, be to me a *Comforter* in my greateſt afflictions. *Holy and righteous Judge eternal*, ſuffer not Satan to take any advantage of thy fatherly chaſtiſing me; he grows ſtrong againſt me by this my great weakneſs; now he rageth moſt furiouſly, becauſe *his time is ſhort*; he aſſaulteth me every way: by ſubtle ſuggeſtions, by fearful viſions and apparitions; he terrifieth my fleſh with the ugly ſhape of death, he affrighteth my conſcience with the horrour of the laſt judgment, and ſcorcheth

cheth my ſoul even with flaſhes of Hell fire. *O Father of Spirits, deliver not the ſoul of thy turtle Dove (that mourneth to thee day and night) as a prey unto him.* Though never ſo deformed, yet I am thy work, O God my *Father*; though never ſo vile, yet I am thy purchaſe, *O God my Redeemer*; though never ſo polluted, yet I am thy Temple, O God *my ſanctifier*. Faithful *Creator*, preſerve the work of thine hand; faithful *Redeemer*, preſerve the purchaſe of thy blood; faithful *Sanctifier*, preſerve the temple of thine honour. *I abhor my ſelf, and repent in duſt and aſhes*, and I conceive more grief than I am able to expreſs, for abuſing thy works, O *Father*; thy Word and Sacraments, O *Son*; thy gifts and graces, O *Spirit*. *Father* forgive me all ſins of infirmity againſt thy power; *Son* forgive me all ſins of ignorance againſt thy wiſdom; *Holy Ghoſt*, forgive me all ſins of malice againſt thy grace. Moſt mighty *Father*, vouchſafe me thy protection: Moſt merciful *Son*, grant me thy peace: Moſt gratious *Spirit*, me give thy comfort, that I may ſafely, peacebly, and

and cheerfully leave this vale of tears. *Father* poſſeſs me of the Kingdom which thou, O *Son*, haſt purchaſed; and thou, O *Spirit*, haſt ſealed unto me. *Into thy hands*, O *Father*, who *breathedſt into me the ſpirit of life*; Into thy hands, O *Son*, who breathedſt out thy ſpirit for me; Into thy hands, O *Holy Spirit*, who *renewedſt a right ſpirit within me*, and haſt comforted my ſpirit to the laſt gaſp, *I now commend my ſoul and body and all that is within me, to bleſs thy holy name, Amen.*

A Prayer at the hour of death.

I am in miſery, and like to him that is at the point to die: from my youth up thy terrours, O moſt mighty, have I ſuffered with a troubled mind.

O Moſt mighty and glorious Lord God, the Father of mercy, the Lord God of the Spirits of all fleſh, and haſt made us theſe ſouls, and haſt appointed us the time as to come into this world, for having finiſhed our Courſe to go out of the ſame; the number of my days which thou haſt determined

termined are now expired. Welcom bleſſed hour, the period of my pilgrimage, the term of my bondage, the end of my cares, the cloſe of my ſighs, the bound of my travels, the goal of my race, and the haven of my hopes. *I have fought a long fight* in much weakneſs; *I have finiſhed my courſe*, though in great faintneſs; and the crown of my joy is, that through the ſtrength of thy grace, *I have kept the true faith*, and now I die in it. I willingly reſign my Soul and Body into thy hands. I will lay me down and take my Reſt: *I deſpiſe the World*, and I defie the Devil, who hath no part nor ſhare in me. *And now, what is my hope? My hope, Lord Jeſus, is even in thee. For I know that thou my Redeemer liveſt, and thou wilt* immediately receive my ſoul, and raiſe up my body alſo *at the laſt day*, and *I ſhall ſee thee in my fleſh with theſe eyes and no other. My heart fainteth, my ſtrength faileth*, my tong faltereth: Lord let thy *Spirit of comfort* help mine infirmities, and *make ſupplication* for me, with ſighs *and groans that cannot be expreſſed.* I ſubmit my ſelf wholly to

thy

thy will: *I commit my soul to thee as my faithful Redeemer* who hast bought it with thy most pretious blood. I profess to all the world, *I know no name under Heaven, by which I may be saved*, but thine, my *Jesus*, my *Saviour*: tarry with me, O blessed *Jesus*! untill the evening of my age, and when the night of death approacheth I will not let thee go till thou hast blessed me: I renounce all confidence in any merits save thine: I thankfully acknowledge all thy blessings; I unfainedly bewail all my sins; I stedfastly believe all thy promises; I heartily forgive all mine enemies; I willingly leave all my friends; I utterly loath all earthly comforts; I intirely long for thy coming. *When shall I come before thy presence; in thy presence is fulness of joy, and at thy right hand is pleasures for evermore.*

Come Lord Jesus, Come quickly; Lord Jesus receive my spirit.

The

The Postscript.

To as many as have need to read this Book, that is, to as many as have need to live, *as these that know they must* dye, *and have need to* dye, *as these that know they must* live *for ever.*

HEre is one of those few Books that remained (by the good providence of God) of almost an hundred thousand pounds worth of Books, lost in the late dismal Fire in the City of *London* to the Company of *Stationers* in general, and of some hundreds lost to this *Stationer*, the publisher of this good Book *R. Thrale* in particular; and its very remarkable that the first Book that should be published after the dissolution (as I may say) of this antient and renowned City, should be this excellent preparative and warning to provide for the dissolution of our selves. Many a Book hath been printed to follow this great City in its height and glory, as the Boy did that great person in the midst of his applause and triumphs with a Memento, *Te este per iturum*, (for B. *Laud* in his Speech, Dr. *Hewit* in conference with B. *Wild*, Dr. *Gouge* in his Sermon of *Providence*, Mr. *Shute* in his Sermon of *Pride*, Dr. *Holdsworth* in his Sermons of *Rebellion*,

bellion, Mr. *Stoke* and Mr. *Udal* in the Course of their Ministery, Dr. *Staughton* and Dr. *Taylor* on the fift of *November*, Dr. *Westfield* on *Lot's* Wife, Mr. *Gataker* in a Sermon of *Luxury*, Bishop *Raynolds* in *Sions praises*, and many more in discourse, either preached or printed, warned the City of *London* many years ago, of a Destruction by Fire) and you see the City in ashes; this Book comes now to follow each man in the midst of his Jollity and Pleasure with a Memento, *Te este mortulem*, and that he shall shortly see himself *Dust*: pressing that of St. *Peter*, 3. 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15. upon this sad, but sutable occasion. *But the day of the Lord shall come as a thief in the night; in the which the Heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the Elements shall melt with fervent heat; the Earth also, and the works that are therein shall be burnt up. Seeing that all things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness, looking for, and hasting unto the coming of the day of God, wherein the Heavens being entire, shall be dissolved; and the Elements shall melt with fervent heat? Nevertheless we, according to his promise, look for new Heavens and a new Earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. Wherefore beloved, seeing ye look for such things, be diligent*

diligent that ye may be found of him in peace, without spot and blameless: and account that the long suffering of our Lord is Salvation.

He is greedy of life that would desire to live, saith *Seneca*, when the world is perishing; and he very forgetful of death that thinks not of dying when he seeth all things destroyed about him: 86 Churches, above 50 Halls, Colleges, Hospital, Conduits, Prisons, Schools, and other publick places, near upon 100000 Houses, the antient Cathedral of St. *Paul*, the famous Building of the *Royal Exchange*; all laid in those ashes, in which the whole world shall be one day involved: after the destruction of *Jerusalem* by Fire, (when 30000 Houses and Buildings were destroyed, and 1100000 Inhabitants (all the *Jews* being there at that time at the *Passover*,) such *Jews* as escaped, when they met one another would say, *Farewell, prepare to be gathered to your Fathers, for who must think to live, when* Jerusalem *is ruined?* The *Englishmen* that survive this great calamity should say to one another, *Farewell, farewell, Let us prepare to die, for the end of all things is at hand*: For this is certain the time is short. It remaineth, *That they that weep, should be as though they wept not; they that rejoyce, as though*

though they rejoyced not; and they that buy, as though they bought not; and they that use this world, as not abusing it; for the fashion of this world passeth away.

The *Sybil* brought the great *Roman* nine Books, and offered them at a Price, and when he refused them, she burnt three, and brought the rest at the same rate, which being refused, she burnt three more, and brought the remaining three at the same rate that she had offered at first the nine; which passage being a little admired and considered, the great *Roman* was advised to take the remaining Books at the Price. Many excellent Books have been exposed to sale and neglected; now they are almost all burnt, we must be contented to bestow that time and money upon this and the other few good Books that escaped the Flame, that we might have bestowed upon many more, and blessed be God that we have any left, and that we have time and opportunity to make use of them.

Manna, they say, had a taste suitable to every ones Pallate; this serious and good Book that hath done so much good in the World, and hath saved many a soul by the blessing of God upon it, hath a relish suitable to every condition: *Art' young?* it speaks to thee, *the youngest may dye, the oldest must*, *what*

What thou art the dead have been, and what they are thou shalt be: there be Skulls of all sizes in *Golgotha*, *Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth*: *Art old*? it teacheth thee *how to dye daily, that when thou comest to dye, thou mayest have nothing to do but to dye*: *art rich*? *it will warn thee to lay up treasure in Heaven*, and to be rich towards God, laying a good foundation against the time to come, shewing thee thy grave where the rich and poor dust are undistinguished: *art poor*? It teacheth thee the place where the poor and weary are at rest, rich in faith, death putting a period to want and life together, no more begging, no more reproach, no more cries of starved families and relations, being with *Lazarus* in rich *Abraham*'s bosom: *art afflicted*? Here's that sheweth thee when all tears shall be wiped from thine eyes: *Art prosperous and high*? It bids thee remember *Saladine*'s Shirt and that it was all the great Emperour of the *East* carried with him to his Grave: *Art alone*? With this companion thou mayest say with *Scipio*, *I am never less alone than when alone*: *Art in company*? It will admonish thee of the great seperation between thee and all companions: *Art Master of a Family*? It will teach thee and thine how to live well, by instructing thee and thine how to die well:

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Art in Place of Authority and Trust? It will every day pul thee by the sleeve and make thee mindfull of the time when thou must give an account of thy Stewardship, and with Dr. *Bancroft*, Bishop of *Oxford*, it will mind thee of the time when thou must give an account to God of that trust which thou wert to exercise before men: *Art thou troubled in Spirit?* This Book prepares thee for the minute when all doubts like clouds before the Sun shall vanish away before the light of Gods countenance, and God shall answer all doubts himself: *Art Jovial?* Here that follows thee with a Rejoyce, but with trembling, otherwise thou shalt lie down in sorrow: *Art a man that hast done great things in the World?* Here thou art instructed in the greatest work (that is to be done but once, and therefore to be thought on twice) which is to dye: *Do'st mispend time?* Thou art told here how every minute should be employed for eternity, and taught how to number thy days, and to apply thy heart to wisdom: *Art a Minister?* This is the sum of what thou mayest recommend to to thy people, to whom giving this little book, thou mayest say as Mr. *Shute* of *Lumbard-street* did, when on his death-bed, *I have shewed you hitherto how to Live, I am to shew you now how to Dye.*

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In a word, a good Man and a good Book, are a common good. *It is appointed for all men to dye*, it is fit that all men should by such books as this is, learn how to dye; a book so cheap, the poorest may buy, and so useful that the greatest may profit as much in reading it as the great Authour did in writing of it.

FINIS.